Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The pride Torontonians take in their city is notorious throughout the province and it is certainly merited and commendable. The Toronto newspapers have done much for this city because of their unalterable faith in its future, as well as its present, greatness. I think I can safely claim to have been as faithful to Toronto's interests as any other writer who has had occasion to speak of them, and it is because I have unbounded belief in our possibilities that I desire to point out a condition of things which is sure, temporarily at least, to cripple our prosperity if it does not bring about overwhelming disaster. A year ago I called attention to the undue speculation in outside properties; since then the boomer of suburban real estate has achieved still greater prominence and is using still more unjustifiable methods. Toronto proper—that is the incorporated real estate which pays city taxes—is large enough to hold a million people. It contains, I am informed, over six thousand vacant houses, many hundreds of unoccupied stores, and thousands of acres of property upon which nothing has been built. We have taken in all the suburbs within a few miles radius, taking the city hall as the center; we have made provision for a population which it will take thirty or forty years to obtain, even if our prosperity continues at a most unexampled rate. A couple of years ago we were astonished at the facility with which real estate speculators disposed of annexes and suburban lots far remote from that portion of the city which is necessarily valuable because of the large population already living upon it. Lots more than two miles from the corner of King and Yonge streets were then bringing prices as great as could be obtained for real estate on old, established streets not more than fifteen minutes' walk from the City Hall. A year ago property in the annexes and suburbs was disposed of at still more startling figures, a fact which was explained by the easy terms upon which they were sold, investors with an exceedingly small margin being able to control large tracts, while in the older portion of the city twenty-five or fifty per cent of the purchase money was demanded as a cash payment. Since then it has become impossible to boom these properties to a much greater extent and the speculators, who are no friends of the permanent prosperity of Toronto, have carried their operations to still more remote and inaccessible districts. Beyond the race track on the east, Hogg's Hollow at the north, West Toronto Junction and the Humber in the west have proved lucrative fields for men who could map out farm land and dispose of it to credulous purchasers. It is time to call a halt. Disaster must result from what is already done, but if the newspapers of Toronto remain silent while what is actually a fraud is being perpetrated upon the people of the province, we must not be surprised if, when the bubble bursts, everything bearing the name of Toronto will be regarded as fraudulent and the legitimate enterprises of this city will be forced to go begging for capital and be repudiated in every locality where over-anxious investors have been injured by the traps set for them by suburban boomers. I have not been able to obtain the exact figures, but there is no doubt that ten thousand acres of farm lands which twenty years from now will be market gardens are staked out in lots, intersected by avenues with fancy names and streets traversed by nothing but the furrow of the plow. A belt line railway is floating in the minds of a number of enterprising speculators, a railway which is intended to convey surging crowds to homes which, if they are ever erected, will be in the midst of pasture fields. This mysterious belt line is at present needed by nobody, except the Grand Trunk, of which it is probably an annex to be used for conveying freight. Land can be bought within twenty minutes by street car from the heart of the city as cheaply as in some districts now unpopulated which this railway promises to serve. Speculation on the basis of the belt line railway has been considerable. It is not built. Our population in the city is not so dense nor land so dear that people should be driven eight or ten miles into the country to find an abiding place, yet all the country traversed by this unbuilt line, which has its existence only in charter and on real estate maps, is in the market as town lots, though the snake fences have not been pulled down and won't be for thirty years to come. Then, again, look at Mimico. The proprietors of a dozen or so factories have agreed to remove them to that district and speculation has gone crazy over the land which is so soon to be covered by the homes of artisans. What country, think you, is being peopled by the phantoms of this speculation? Tens of thousands of men, thousands of acres! Allowing two hundred men to the factory there would be scarce more than twenty-five hundred people, only a village at best. But the factories are not there. I do not wish to cast discredit on the statements of the manufacturers who have agreed to remove there. No doubt they have done it in good faith, but they may not be aware that their factories are being variously located, here today and a hundred acres away to-morrow. I don't believe when it comes to the pinch that the factories will go there, not but at the present moment their proprietors intend to take them there, but when it comes to the time of removal, when they will be separated from the business of the city and isolated in a cow pasture, I believe business men will think better of it and change their minds. If they do go we may be sure they will not remain. Farmers and innocent people all over the country are being induced to invest in these wild-cat lots. The newspapers of the city are silent, but when we look at the number of advertisements in their columns portraying the value of these lots one is not surprised, for it is certainly, temporarily at least, in their interest to promote rather than expose the rottenness of these ventures. I feel that I shall be incurring the enmity of those who are making money by deluding innocent purchasers into buying lots of the location of which they have no idea, though they may perhaps be a mile or two from the mouth of the Humber. A hundred years from now these lots may be valuable, but it will be almost that long before Toronto has grown to the size to warrant these localities being used for any other than agricultural purposes.

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Some of the methods employed to load these wildcat lots in various localities upon innocent people are thoroughly disreputable. A farm is bought, we will say at four or five hundred dollars an acre. The speculator cuts it up into lots. If he is a man of means he is careful that his name shall appear in no covenant which shall be registered. It is said that in one locality alone a single firm claims to have handled $200,000 worth of property without putting their name on paper. Though this method may not be employed by every speculator, it is employed by many: A thoroughly irresponsible party is obtained, who purchases a number of lots and gives a mortgage back to the speculator for the land, exceeding the cost to him (the speculator) of the lots. The "sucker," as he is called, the man from the province, from some outside town, or from the farms miles away, having heard of the vast deal of money which is made in Toronto real estate, comes in to get a little for himself. He is shown a gorgeous map and informed that "Mr. Jones" has five hundred feet at $7 a foot which he is willing to sell. Now Mr. Jones is the irresponsible party who has been giving mortgages for, say $5 a foot, to the speculator, and is willing to accept $2 a foot as a cash payment, though sometimes he will take 25 cents a foot as a margin. The outsider, being used to the methods of loan companies and money lenders, knows that a mortgage is seldom given for more than half the value of the land, and is told that this land is really worth $10 a foot. "Why," they exclaim, "it is mortgaged for $5 a foot, and no one would take a mortgage for that amount unless the land were considered by valuators to be worth ten!" The "sucker" seeing that he can buy it for $7, pays the $2 a foot cash, and assumes what had previously been a bogus mortgage for the balance, giving his *covenant*, remember, as well as the mortgage security for the balance. The speculator, of course, gets the $7 a foot if the "sucker's" covenant is worth anything. Men in Toronto and in many other parts of the province are now being sued on these covenants. This is but one example of many rascally methods employed to unload farm lots at town prices. The end of it can not be far off.

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The so-called boom in Toronto real estate when it began was thoroughly legitimate. In the older parts of the city, particularly in the central and business parts, land has not yet reached its value, but there is little or no speculation in the center of the city. Property which changes hands is largely held by investors. Yet these properties, too, must suffer when the collapse of this outside boom destroys the confidence of those who now look upon Toronto as having a miraculous growth. Legitimate business of every kind must be injured by this catamount speculation. When the *expose* comes, the thousands of investors who have been injured, if not ruined, will hate the sound and the sight of the name of this city, as the same class of people hated and decried Winnipeg. Now, Toronto is bound to be great; it has now the greatest future before it of any city in Canada, and I am making this protest for the sake of Toronto and not because I desire to injure those who are making such rapid fortunes in suburban speculation. If I could prick the bubble of wildcat speculation I would do it and feel that I was doing the city service. It is better to have it come now than later when the sufferers will be more numerous and more deeply involved. It is a thankless task, but one which someone must undertake unless the present methods are permitted and the really ruinous result brought about. Men with but slender means are investing their all in potato patches thinking they have a gold mine. Legitimate business is being hampered by lack of funds because the money is being tied up in paper suburbs and phantom annexes. West Toronto Junction was at one time thought to be too far away to be considered a suburb, but bless you, it has annexes now of its own extending, goodness knows where. The fact that this sort of thing cannot continue and that it has been permitted as long as it has, are reasons why everyone having the interests of the city at heart should stamp out the wolfing and bladder-blowing now so popular. Some people imagine that he is an enemy who tells the truth, that every voice should be silenced that does not encourage a temporary prosperity, even though it has ruin in its wake.

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The newspapers doing most to assist wildcat speculations are those most ready to heap opprobrium on those citizens who have organized to prevent Toronto being seriously crippled by the aggression of railways which are now defacing our water front and seeking to still further cripple the city by seizing what remains of the Esplanade. They are the best citizens who in seeking to advance the interests of the city are careful of to-morrow rather than boastful of to-day. The Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo railway, having filed a plan of entering the city shamefully regardless of the danger to human life or the damage to public property involved, the protests of those who object to it are being answered by these newspapers with sneers and taunts. They ask us why we don't keep railways out of Toronto altogether, or build a stone wall across the tracks! This foolish talk may pass for public spirit; it serves no purpose other than encouraging the railways, which must of necessity come to us, in their attempts to seize and deface as much as possible of that which is of public benefit. Should not a city of the size and importance of Toronto take pains to preserve her commercial credit, and refuse to permit wildcat speculation which must ruin investors? Should she not do this in self-defence? Will not her bonds depreciate in value if she is to be heralded all over the continent as the place where thousands of acres of farm lands were sold to "suckers" and her assessment increased by fictitious values? Should not Toronto, in self-defence and looking forward to the great future which is surely to be hers, make every effort to prevent the railways from defacing her natural beauty, ruining or seizing every point of advantage on her waterfront and laying death traps at every crossing for the citizens who should be protected, but who, according to the ethics of wild-cat organs, should be sacrificed rather than that railways should be retarded from coming in as they please and doing business as they see fit?

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The strike amongst the builders' employes is a serious thing for Toronto, yet we should be careful not to look at it as if the men have no right to do as they have done. When a factory or a foundry employing a thousand hands closes down in order to rest itself from production and obtain better prices for its output we regard it as a natural and proper business expedient, but when a thousand men shut down and refuse to work in order that their output shall be more valuable, merchants and others who suffer for lack of the money which ceases to circulate in a time of idleness are apt to rail at the men as short-sighted and idle fools who do not know what they are about. A refusal to continue production is as business-like in one instance as in the other. In the present instance both the men and the masters should remember that a prolonged and unreasonable struggle will do the city a vast deal of harm. We are not in condition with the present inflation of prices and the ticklishness caused by wildcat speculation to cripple ourselves by any internal fight. A summer of industrial warfare, succeeding a winter of business stagnation caused by unseasonable weather, almost universal sickness and the poor crops of last year cannot but be extremely injurious. The master builders recognize the fact that we already have too many houses for our population, too many stores for our merchants and urge that the cessation of production is for the city's good. The men, on the other hand, truthfully contend that Toronto has been made an expensive place to live in, and that they must have more pay, the laborers also clearly showing that they are paid less than in any other city, excepting Hamilton, which in Toronto's calculation, never counts. We have a large number of public buildings under way, which, it must be confessed, have been relied upon to put money in circulation, though it is but a flimsy reed to lean upon. Let these public works be stopped by a protracted strike, and one of the arguments used as a proof that prices in Toronto have not reached their height, will be destroyed. It is certainly to be hoped that wise and moderate counsels will prevail, that neither masters nor men will join the reckless speculators in trying to wound this city in the midst of her most unexampled prosperity.

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I give below an exceedingly interesting and well-written letter on the subject of a pleasant evening. I am glad that this correspondence is having the effect of pointing out the value of books as evening companions. I would be glad if "Touchstone" would send me his address.

DEAR DON,—I refrained from giving my opinion of a pleasant social evening, because, although I have ideas on the subject (Miss Louisa M.'s come pretty near them) I felt myself unqualified to speak, but when you ask for opinions about a pleasant evening, "all by one's lone," you touch on a subject near my heart.

My first requirement is a moderately sized library of standard and other works, and to this I have added the accumulations from repeated burrowings in the second hand stores. With these you may spend the night in a debtor's prison with Pickwick or visit the Alhambra with Washington Irving, tramp from London to Dover with poor little David Copperfield, or go to the tournament at Ashby-la-Zouche with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, join in the whirl of gaiety at the Belgian capital with Becky Sharp and Amelia, climb the Catskills with Rip Van Winkle or go into all highways and byways with "all sorts and conditions of men."

I happen never to have had a love affair of my own, but I may participate in a fictional one, which is more satisfactory. I can choose of a long and weary one, fraught with anguish, like Major Dobbin's, or Clive Newcome's, or a short and speedy one, heavily loaded with excitement, like that of Mr. Barnes of New York. I can, with Rev. E. P. Roe's young men and women, breast almost insuperable obstacles or enjoy scores of less exciting but more reasonable courtships, and when I add to the above possessions a borrower's for the Public Library, my opportunities are unlimited. With the latter I may read all the leading magazines and reviews. I have frequently heard the serial story depreciated, but a good one still remains my favorite form of story. None of the craving to get to the end, which is so unpleasant, is experienced, and the way is open for speculation on what next month's installment will reveal. What will come of old Odinel Kelder's visit to London, for instance, or what will be the culmination of poor Prideaux' misfortunes, how John Paul's love affair will turn out and the grounds of Faulkner's aversion to Hermia. Then, there is *occasionally* a good short story, and an essay on Ruskin or some other well-known man, an editorial sketch of Ibsen perhaps and the splendid editorial department of *Harper's*, or several pleasant evenings may be spent on the reviews. Another advantage of a borrower's ticket is the chance you get at the new books. One may renew the acquaintance of Basil and Isabel March after their twenty years of married life, together with Dr. Joe the Capitalist, Lindau the Socialist and Fulkerson the hustling man of business, or can I the sad story of Margaret in C. D. Warner's latest, or in Mr. Besant's most some quiet London characteristics. Not to confine one's self wholly to fiction, Hamerton's French and English will teach one an entertaining as well as profitable lesson in liberal-mindedness, while for lovers of English literature there is no pleasanter book than D. G. Mitchell's English Lands, Letters and Kings.

I am sorry to say so, but most people I know don't read a book as well as they might. When I read a book I read slowly and keep a note-book handy and jot down any phrase or paragraph which pleases my fancy, and if any one who has not already done so will try it, he will find that it will add fifty per cent. to the enjoyment of the book.

A DANCING GIRL OF GADES.

With this mine of enjoyment at one's elbow, tell me what manner of spending an evening can equal for unalloyed bliss an evening spent in one's own society.

TOUCHSTONE.

* * *

There has been very much written and said about the crowding of street cars at six o'clock by ladies who have been shopping and have not been considerate enough to return home a little earlier. Considerateness in this matter is not only in relation to the public but to their families. Married ladies who are down town shopping should be at home by half-past five to give that necessary supervision to the preparation of dinner or supper which every housewife should exercise. Leaving King street five minutes before six the other evening I found the car crowded with ladies, all of them bearing parcels, some of them carrying babies. They were not employes in down-town stores nor business women of any sort. They were people who had every reason to be at home at that hour, and those of us who had to stand—and some dozen men hung on the straps and wished those women a good many miles further away—had every reason to know that they were but types of a class who regularly crowd the street cars at six o'clock. I for one would be in favor of a resolution amongst men that those women ought to be let stand. It would not hurt my feelings a bit to sit while these belated shoppers hang on the straps, as I have done about two hundred out of the three hundred nights per annum when I use the street cars. It is very well for the stronger sex to be polite but after a hard day's work it is an open question as to whether business men or shopping ladies are the more wearied. There is nothing to prevent the women going home an hour earlier and there is everything to prevent the men doing so, and with things so unevenly balanced I would certainly advise the men who are really weary and do not feel like standing to quietly sit it out and let the women who are evidently not overburdened or guiltless of thoughtlessness stand up and brace themselves against the spasmodic jerks of the team. In New York the men never think during business hours of yielding their seat to a lady. They carry it too far, though I confess I never saw an old, decrepit, or overburdened woman standing while men sat. Men who insist on keeping their car seats from half-past five till six o'clock, and then only yielding them to working women, will be conferring a favor upon their kind. Courtesy in the matter of yielding up seats has gone so far that men now expect to stand when they get on the car, except it suits the whim of the gentle shopper to get home a little earlier than usual. A month of insistance upon men's rights would cure this evil. I know thoroughly well that every man who sits still while a woman stands, will feel mean, except the man is of that sort who is incapable of feeling mean about anything while capable of acting mean about everything. But, really, the state of our car service, which does not provide sufficient accommodation at going-home-time, necessitates a strike, and men folk must have more accommodation even if mesdames are sacrificed. Probably if they are boycotted from the seats they too will go on strike and interview the street railway authorities, with the result of better service. From a man's standpoint it has got to the grave crisis when there must be more cars or less politeness.

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The Easter services, while they remind us all of the Love Eternal, the Story Divine which find their anniversary at Easter, suggest, too, an idea as to the share sensualism has in religion. By sensualism, of course, I do not mean that debased human passion which is simply lust. Sensualism is that which appeals to the senses and at Easter-tide, amidst the grandly swelling music, the odor of flowers and the feasting upon rich meats which have been denied us during Lent, we are introduced to every thing which appeals to the senses and the very animalism of us is made to rejoice. The opening season with its charms of soft winds and gentle showers, swelling buds and returning birds, unconsciously influences the worshipper and adds to the joyousness of the anniversary. Even Protestants of the most ultra sort delight to share in the music and beguiling odors of Catholic churches when Easter morning releases devotees from the penances which are supposed to bring repentance and a realizing sense of that great love which caused the Saviour to die for us. How our senses are appealed to at this season when sentiment should seize upon us and the torch lit by eternal love should burn brightest! Yet it can't be otherwise. If our material selves are not wrought upon the day and the event are apt to be let pass without even a beauty offering of flowers, song and sweet sounds. How gross humanity is! The mother is loved by her heedless bairns because she feeds and clothes them; the wife is praised because the dinner is hot and the delinquent buttons have been replaced. We are so cold and selfish that God's love will not be recalled unless we mark the date of its supreme exemplification by the eating of eggs, by music and singing. The nostrils are filled with fragrance, the ears with sweet sounds, the eye with new bonnets and the stomach with rich foods, and casually the mind with thankful and worshipful thoughts!

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Can we wonder at the hold Roman Catholicism has upon the masses, or at the tendency to ritualism of the classes, when we contemplate what is necessary to lift us for a moment from our earthworn lives to a mental position where the sated senses may lessen their hold upon us or by their very fulness force us into the presence of a heavenly thought? Can we be borne thus towards heavenly things is a natural question, impossible, it seems to us on the surface, of an affirmative answer.

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If it be possible by means of such sensual surroundings to put ourselves in a frame of mind such as makes us impressionable by spiritual things, then the nice, pleasant glow which precedes intoxication is certainly the most receptive period and consequently the most spiritual condition in which a man can place himself. Therefore, when a man has been warmed by wine and is not yet overcome by its fumes would consequently be the proper condition of a devotee who seeks a heavenly impression. But we know that the reaction from this elation induces an exactly opposite temper and inclines us to evil rather than good. Is it not then natural to suppose that our system of Eastertide celebration has an ebb as well as a flow, that after we have indulged ourselves in ecclesiastical inebriety the humdrum of the Sunday service intensifies the thirst created by a overdraught of pleasure and makes us feel disinclined to pious exertion or spiritual communion?

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Of course every religious body does not deny itself during Lent or indulge itself during Easter, but I think that in each denomination can be found some tendency towards incorporating a certain percentage of animalism in its service. I noticed that our Baptist friends observed Easter this year. In Methodism the dislike of popery for many years has restrained them from fast and feast days but in the revival, noticeably in the camp meeting, the animalism of the exhorter, of the shouter, at the penitent bench, the tremor which overspreads the congregation when the brands are being snatched from the burning and the souls are being saved with a rapidity which the uninfected observers think surprising, suggest that preponderance of animal magnetism and the absence of that fine conception of the impulses of humanity and the desires of deity which find other exemplifications in religious service. In the Salvation Army sound and color, contiguity and animalism have a most undoubted place. In Presbyterianism when persecution and *usquebaugh* ceased to be prevalent and respectable as a means of preparing the body to receive spiritual truth, the passion and the precentor were replaced by the organ and the choir, and homely preaching by florid discourse. Anglicanism has always sought the dim mysterious light of the cathedral and the intoning of the reader. Ritualism desiring further exaltation of spirit found in surplices, candles and other theatrical exercise a means of stirring the materialism of the congregation to a warmth which could not be excited by the lesson and the liturgy. I am not condemning these methods because I recognize how heavy is the weight the preacher has to lift; how the cares, the afflictions, the poverty and the pains of life bear down upon us; how our minds are filled with the calculation which is to prevent the troubles of to-day being repeated to-morrow; how the human mind is concerned like the spirit of Martha with much serving—the serving of Mammon and other pitiless masters, the serving of fashion and other fruitless fancies, the devotion to children and the pestilence of prejudice. What worshipper is unaware of the overpowering weight of these cares which so beset us? Can we then think that God is unaware of what is necessary to uplift us, can we doubt His toleration in looking upon our crude efforts to separate ourselves by full feeding and good dressing from the morrow when perhaps we may be empty and our bodies unclothed? Does he not understand that for once in the year we try to supply ourselves with all those things which had we the wand of Midas we would always have, that satisfied and content we may turn all our thoughts towards him and rejoice in the glory of His Son, a gift the value of which we too seldom recognize when we long for the gift of a loaf or the present of a gown.

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I believe that God knows what is the matter with us. He knows how heavily we are handicapped in this life and will be a fair judge, when after the running is over we stand before Him and unload the weights we have carried. Surely those who have, with a frigid nature and scarcely an impulse of passion, carried but light weight of the clay of animalism and exceeded in the race those who, weighed down with the world and its carnal pursuits, have been stumbling along, will be given only the place they merit.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The spring season has been well inaugurated, not by any events of special magnitude or importance in the world of society, but by a week of revived and sustained gaiety, which has very appropriately distinguished the joyful Paschal season from the forty days preceding it. Easter Sunday seemed to me to have brought a larger number of visitors to town than ever before. Although the day was not as bright with sunlight as Easter often is, yet the weather was mild and springlike, so that the many spring gowns and bonnets which are often seen for the first time at Easter, could be worn last Sunday without incongruity to the elements. I cannot recall any such congregations as filled the Anglican churches in the city, and I imagine it was much the same with the other denominations. At St. James' in the morning hundreds of intending worshippers were unable to find seats, but those who were more lucky assisted in a very beautiful service which, though still far from fulfilling the choral requirements of a cathedral service, has been greatly improved. The surpliced choir is large and well trained; the psalms for the day are not yet chanted, but the offertory sentences especially were beautifully sung. The pressure on the churches last Sunday may be imagined from the fact that in the evening a party of gentlemen who happened to be a little late visited five of them without being able to get seats at all, and had finally to be content with camp-stools in a sixth.

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Many people declare that no entertainments are more enjoyable than those which are held on a Sunday. The fashion of Sunday suppers, which belongs peculiarly to Toronto, is especially delightful. A bachelor in Toronto society rarely depends on his own house or lodgings for his Sunday evening meal. At dozens of well-known houses not a Sunday passes without guests being welcomed in numbers, large or small, to afternoon tea or supper, or both. Few of the men whose movements are chronicled in these columns are without standing invitations to several such houses. Last Sunday afternoon teas seemed to be going on everywhere, while everybody who was not receiving guests after church seemed to be supping somewhere.

*

Colonel Prior of Ottawa was in town for Easter, and has taken an active part in the festivities of the week.

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In spite of the strong counter attraction of one of the greatest of living musicians at the Pavilion, a large and brilliant audience filled the Grand Opera house on Monday night. The opera, or rather its interpretation, did not seem to satisfy everybody, but the usual adjournment to other quarters and much visiting between the different parts of the house became the acts evidenced a fashionable audience. A few of those whom I noticed were: Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, the Misses Seymour, Mr. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. MacLagan.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fisher of New York, but lately of London, England, were amongst the many Eastertide visitors to town.

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Captain Jones of Victoria, B. C., is another visitor who has actively engaged in much of the recent gaiety.

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The Messrs. Dobson of Birmingham, England, are staying with relations in town.

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Mr. Foreman of San Francisco, Cal., is staying with relatives on Murray street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a large theater party last night.

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Mr. and Mrs. Small, the Misses Yarker and Miss Fanny Small are a portion of the party of Toronto people who spent most of last week at Kaultenbach's hotel at Niagara Falls.

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The Misses Barker of Bloor street have left town for New York *en route* for England, where they will probably reside for a year or more.

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Mr. Reginald Thomas of Paris was in town for Easter.

*

Mrs. Holland sailed this week in the Vancouver for a few months in Great Britain.

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Mr. and Mrs. Greenshields of Montreal came to town last week to spend Easter with Mrs. Greenshields' father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham of Sherbourne street.

*

Miss Madalene Spratt is the guest of Mrs. and Miss Bunting, 25 Queen's Park.

*

Mr. Fred Burritt, late of Toronto and now of the Bank of Toronto at Peterboro', spent Easter with his father, Dr. Burritt of Wellesley street.

*

Mrs. J. F. Helmuth of London, Ont., is staying with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Raynold Gamble of 98 St. George street.

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Mrs. W. C. B. Rathbun, who has been a resident here during the winter, returned to her home in Deseronto in the early part of this week.

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A most enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Bunting, 25 Queen's Park, last Saturday, at which about fifty guests were present. Among those I noticed were Mrs. George Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bristol, Miss Horrocks, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Miss Hoskins, Miss Rutherford, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Beardmore, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Baird, Mr. Wyatt, Mrs. William MacCullough, Miss Birchall, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Spratt, Mr. Beardmore, Miss Cockburn, Mr. E. C. Jones, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mr. Drayton. Mrs. Bunting was assisted in her duties by Miss Bunting and Mrs. Riordan. Mrs. Bunting wore a handsome ruby velvet with vest of shell pink silk. Miss Bunting looked very bewitching in a flowered delaine cream gown, trimmed with pale salmon pink and cream mull, *en train*; Mrs. Riordan wore a handsome grey brocade, abundantly trimmed with cut steel, *demi train*.

*

Miss Annie Michie, who has been visiting friends in Yonkers, New York, for some few weeks back, is expected home shortly.

*

Mrs. Henry Davies and daughter of Rosedale have gone down to Ottawa for a couple of weeks to be present at the wedding of her niece, Miss Patrick, and Mr. Frank Eddis, a popular young barrister of this city, which is to take place on Thursday, April 16.

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Mrs. Robert Gooderham of Sherbourne street gave a large and enjoyable At Home for her daughter, Mrs. Greenshields of Montreal, on Thursday afternoon, between the hours of four and seven o'clock.

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The Victoria Lawn Tennis Club held their annual meeting last Tuesday evening. A large number of the members were present, and from the enthusiasm displayed there is every indication of a successful season. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. E. W. Spragge; vice-president, W. H. Cawthra; hon. secretary, J. L. Capreol; committee, Messrs. S. A. Jones, W. H. Pringle, A. J. Arnold, S. Griffin, A. R. Capreol.

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On Thursday evening a pleasing event took place at the handsome residence of Mr. Robert Simpson on Bloor street. It was the marriage of his daughter, Miss Maggie Simpson, to Mr. William Hamilton Merritt. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Principal Grant of Kingston, assisted by Rev. G. M. Milligan. The bride was attended by two little pages, Willie and Hamilton Harman, nephews of Mr. Merritt, while Mr. Robert Shanly acted as groomsman. The bridal party stood in the handsome library, which was one mass of fragrant bloom, while above the heads of bride and groom a large wedding-bell of white roses was suspended. The tiny pages in their picturesque Fauntleroy suits of black velvet with point lace collars and cuffs looked especially quaint. Mr. Harry Webb catered for the occasion.

*

The bride's gown had an ivory white duchess satin petticoat with a foot-trimming of ostrich tips. The bodice and court train were of silver brocade, while on the left shoulder a cluster of ostrich tips and a spray of waxen orange blossoms formed a unique garniture. From the waist four strands of the bridal blossoms mingled with tufts of seaweed fell to the foot trimming. The veil of brussels net had a hem beading of pearls, and was fastened with a diamond crescent, the gift of the groom. Other ornaments worn were a necklace, ear drops and star of diamonds. These latter were presented to the bride by her father. A bouquet of pink and white orchids was carried.

*

Mrs. Simpson wore a gown of reseda green sicilline trimmed with velvet and gold passementerie, with a bouquet of pink orchids. The bride's traveling dress was a valaury blue check, with a zouave jacket of velvet, and with it was worn a hat of tuscan straw, with trimmings of velvet and a wreath of wall flowers.

*

Among the large number of gifts were noticed a cabinet of silver from the bride's mother, a bronze antique clock, inlaid with silver panels representing battle scenes, from Mr. Simpson's employes, a sterling silver tea-service, water pitcher, cream and sugar service, and ice cream service, handsome statuettes of bronze, books, fancy trifles and many pieces of table silver.

*

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., and Mr. S Fleming of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Clougher, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Dr. W. H. Merritt. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Merritt and Miss Benson of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. Harold, Rev. Mr. Milligan, Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Scales, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs Edwin Morris of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Morris of Montreal, Mrs. James H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. N. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. C. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Robert Wilkes, Captain John Hodgins of Ottawa, Miss McDonald of Erie, Mr. G. Currie, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Harman and Mr. R. Shanly.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt took the evening train for New York, from which city they sail for England on Wednesday by the Teutonic. Leaving England they will travel through Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy, meeting Mrs. and the Misses Merritt in June, at Florence, where Mr. and Mrs. Simpson will join them.

*

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. McCord of Jarvis street have left for a visit to the Old Country.

*

Messrs. Harry and Barnes McGill, sons of Mr. Geo. McGill, manager of the Ontario Bank of Bowmanville, both received certificates of honor at the recent primary medical examinations of Trinity School, and Barney got the Physiology Scholarship. A good record for a couple of bright boys.

*

Mr. F. Barlow Cumberland gives an address next Monday evening before Kent Lodge, Sons of England, on The Union Jack.

*

One of the most fashionable weddings of the season in Hamilton took place at Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday afternoon, when Mr. Charles Alfred Jones of Boston was married to Miss Clara Roach, daughter of Mr. George Roach of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. M. Bland, assisted by Rev. Rural Dean Forneret. The bride wore a magnificent gown of white Sicilian with a court train and diamond ornaments, and carried a large bouquet of white lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids, the Misses Louise and Bella Roach, wore pale gray faille and white *crepe de chine*, with silver trimmings and hats to match. Each carried a large bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Arthur B. Broderick was best man. Among the invited guests were many society people from Toronto, Montreal and Boston. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father in Barton street. Mr. and Mrs. Jones left at 5.35 in a private car for New York.

*

The Toronto guest list comprised the following names: Mr. C. A. Pipon, Major Harrison, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. A. Both, Mr. G. F. Sproule, Mr. C. D. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mr. W. D. Taylor, Mr. Stuart Heath, Mrs. F. C. Moffat, Dr. A. Baines, Dr. and Mrs. O'Rielly, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Leslie, Mrs. Wallis, Miss Wallis, Mrs. Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Miss Kemp, Mr. A. W. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. E. Crickmore, Mr. Lauder, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murray, Mr. C. J. Brent, Mr. and Mrs. Aikenhead, Mr. D. Armour, Mr. W. H. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Mr. H. McGee, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips.

*

St. Ann's Church was thronged on Thursday at one o'clock to witness the marriage of Col. G. T. Denison's two daughters, who that day left the home of their girlhood. Miss Annie Denison was wedded to Mr. Wm. Dunsford, Miss Julia Denison to Dr. W. Nattress. The bridesmaid for the former was Miss Caroline Macklem, while Miss Mair of Perth attended the latter. Mr. Hugh Langton and Rev. Thomas Nattress of Amherstburg were the respective groomsmen. The first ceremony was performed by Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. McLean Ballard, rector of the parish, who assisted Rev. George Nattress, brother of the groom, in the second ritual. The trained gowns were in both instances of cream Irish poplin. Tablliers and Grecian bodice drapery were of brocaded crepe du chine. The conventional veils were worn with orange blossoms,

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Fine and Complicated Watch Adjusting My Forte.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE
"How small these gloves make my hand," said the lady.
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TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

To me fashions in the millinery parlors and fashions adopted by veritable flesh and blood are almost always a little different. Of course there are women who will wear the most exaggerated style of head gear that bad taste can suggest, but those who will not are in the majority.

After having gloated over the dainty specimens and stood awe-struck before the truly dreadful ones, it was a pleasurable exercise to observe the Easter bonnets which bloomed in the pews within range of my eyes last Sunday morning.

First let me express my conviction that there were more winter bonnets worn under protest than Easter novelties donned with satisfaction, for the weather was cruelly unfavorable for daintiness in the way of flowers and gauze.

A hat bravely worn by a pale-faced girl was a black straw with a straggling wreath of wild roses. The brim was open work, and when she bent her head in a devotional attitude, the roses showed through the under brim like a real sweet briar behind a lattice.

A pretty toque-shaped hat of black straw had a garniture of reseda green ribbons and yellow buttercups.

An Empire bonnet, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and pink lilacs, was finished with the pretty Empire strings.

Another bonnet which I liked a great deal for its newness was a neat brimless shape with folds of pinkish yellow and black velvet about the face, a plainly-covered crown of the yellow, with an outstanding cornet of cut jet. The jet was wrought in a fanciful design, and added greatly to the air of novelty.

A most bewitching hat which completed a pretty costume of electric blue camel's hair, was of shirred crepe in electric blue, heavily trimmed with plumes and tips of the same becoming color. A small Empire bonnet with the inevitable narrow velvet strings was also of electric blue, and caught the stray beams of light, only to shower them in delightful glints upon the wavy chestnut hair beneath.

•

Wigs are coming in. Women have grown so tired of bleaching and dyeing their tresses that many of the fashionable ones have escaped the trouble and consequent mortification by wearing wigs of the fashionable color and dressed in the prevailing mode.

When the gay devotee of the fickle dame dons her wig, smears paint over her face, dusts a liberal coat of powder on and colors her eyebrows, she is truly worthy of pity, not condemnation. Such a spectacle is a candidate for entrance to a big building with barred windows, keepers and straight jackets. Who can admire a woman who is so false in appearance; or who could imagine a true and noble woman's heart to beat in the bosom of that painted, powdered simperer!

•

It was at the matinee. The house was crowded—one of the best of the season—and the aisles were filled with camp chairs.

One woman, with a plumed hat, seated herself directly in the line of vision of a youthful-looking man, with a pair of bright eyes.

I noticed her change of position, and glanced back at him. He frowned, and with a look of annoyance turned to his companions with a remark which could not have been complimentary. During the next wait, Miss Plumed Hat moved back, saw him, and bent to speak with him, expressing at the same time her fear that she had been an annoyance. He smiled, bowed, and answered "Oh no, not at all." Is it not a pity that the lie polite should be so much in demand!

•

The prevailing craze seems to be a wild desire to have things fit and match, not so much as to color, as the association of different articles of dress in connected groups. For instance; A white tulle ball-gown is adorned with white lilacs; the fashionable little idiot wears white silk underwear, uses a bran ball perfumed with white lilacs after her bath, and, I pre-ume, tells white fibs. Her pretty pale sister loves the rose, spends her pocket-money for rose sachet powder, clings to pink-hued underwear, affects pink gowns and eats pink creams.

•

A correspondent writes me over the name Mattie Morton, asking my opinion of color and black. Do I recommend black, you ask, Mattie; indeed I do. No gown is so essentially lady-like and unobtrusive as a black one of good material and perfect make. You say that your business takes you upon the street daily, and you consider pronounced colors conspicuous and tiring. I think you are quite right. Still, all black is very warm in summer, and a wee bit old looking, unless your complexion is bright and creamy, with no lines. Why not use gray, black and white, with one other color in all its becoming shades for variety. It might be blue, green, or red, whichever suits you best. Keep all your belongings in that line of color, and, my word for it, you will be spared an immense amount of worry over hats, gowns, parasols or gloves, which, while they may not quarrel in decided color language, yet give your costume a nondescript air, quite the reverse of the French "chic."

•

Dress bodices are so variously decorated at present that the daring girl may devise her own pattern, and get credit for wearing the very latest style.

•

A warm cream tint, which some fashion writer facetiously calls "butter color," is the most favored shade for evening gloves.

Black ones are worn considerably just now; and it is always wise to patronize so economical a fashion.

Pearl gray divides honors with fawn and suede for afternoon and half-evening dress.

•

In the general confusion and disagreement regarding future happiness and misery I suppose I may have an opinion. I have, and it is this: That an especial place of pronounced discomfort will be set apart for gossips.

I despise a scandal monger whose blistering words pain loving and tender home hearts and raise a wild desire for vengeance in the breast of the accused.

"I don't mind what they say, myself," said a brave young man the other day, "but they carry tales, which are not true, to my mother, and worry her."

With me, I confess, the gossip seems too despicable to be noticed. I hope one may be pardoned for looking down and requiring a longnette to distinguish them.

It is reasonable that no one should feel bitterly toward a gossips, on account of their low degree; but reason, while being an easy riding carriage, is entered by very high steps.

CLIP CARGW.

Church Talks.

St. Luke's Church held more than its members on Sunday morning. Not only were the rites especial ones because of the Eastertide, but an exceptionally good choral service was given and strangers found their way in and took advantage of the free pews.

The entrances are from the sides, and my first thought, on seeing that the half-gathered congregation presented its side face to me, was that I had entered by the wrong door.

The walls are brick-finished, giving a dull though substantial look to the interior.

On this occasion the flower decorations lent an air of tasteful brightness to what upon ordinary occasions would be a rather cheerless house of worship.

The chancel was indeed lovely. On the altar creamy callas and tall Easter lilies bore themselves in regal pride, while fine-fronded ferns and fragile spiræa added their delicacy to form an artistic whole.

Lectern and pulpit were also flower-decked, while a trail of scarlet blossoms with plentifully bestowed foliage almost concealed the chancel railing.

The air was oppressive, whether from the odor of the lilies or from imperfect ventilation, I know not, but several faces paled, and no less than three women in my immediate neighborhood were forced to seat themselves during the recital of the liturgy.

The choristers had been especially trained for this service. Moving up the center aisle in slow time, chanting as they went, with their distinctive vestments marking them out from those who stood in the pews, they lent a delightful impression of solemnity to the opening service.

Rev. Dr. Langtry is a grave-faced man with much force and resolution in his countenance.

His sermon was a joyous refrain of the glad message: "Christ is risen!"

I watched the faces of those about me. On some I read indifference, on others honest doubt, but on many I surely recognized a glad acceptance of the glorious message and a delight in its present application.

How the words came down into the pews and chased troubling thoughts away, until the very corners of one's heart were welcome spaces for the expanding and ennobling ideas brought by contemplation.

In an Episcopalian church the music charms me, while in a Presbyterian I must take the pleasure from the sermon.

Grand music it was this morning. There could be no mournfulness about it. It was triumphant, yet solemn in its very excess of joy.

Flowers, mellowed light from translucent windows, grand organ music and swelling and dying notes of human voices, invested my favorite part of the service—the commandment response—with even more than its usual impressiveness.

It closed—the gravely-jubilant Easter celebration—with long-drawn organ notes, which left a silence in the house of worship, that was a fitting one. Bowed heads were the outward form of a mental addition to the public ceremony. The doors were thrown open. The brisk air rushed in, and amid an increasing murmur of subdued voices the large congregation dispersed.

ETELKA.

The Ex-Circusman's Scheme.

Rumpled Biljames—"If he'll only foller me over I'll be all hunky!"

—"There, friend, now who's got yer!"

The Latest Fad in Paris.

Everything nowadays that is exaggerated—*outre*—in society, fashion, literature, art, is termed *fin de-siecle*. Doubtless this last decade of the century is no better than it should be. Yet I hesitate to set it down as much worse than its predecessors. True, there are many unhealthy influences at work, books are written that it is a shame to publish, plays are acted that ought never to appear on any stage, pictures are painted and exhibited that should never have left the studio, subjects are canvassed in drawings more befitting the smoking-room or the pages of a medical treatise, and the love of luxury, excitement, scandal—new sensations in any shape—is becoming with many an absorbing passion which warps the warmer sentiments and fosters that neurosity which is the dominant malady of the age. But these things have always existed more or less, only their existence was not proclaimed quite so loudly, and many of the manias classed as *fin-de-siecle* are harmless enough. As for instance, the new vocabulary so enameled with English words that to the uninitiated it is hardly comprehensible, and the fashionable slang that converts all manner of substantives into adjectives. Frenchmen have hitherto always been accused of a want of interest in everything that was not French, of a lack of curiosity respecting other nations; it is not such harm, therefore, that they should suddenly evince an admiration for something beyond themselves and their own nation, or even that they should be at last the prey of a restless demon that shall shake them out of their lethargy and their vanity. These things do not matter a jot. The worst feature of all is the marked degeneracy in the nobler sentiments. "*Le flirt*" has ousted love in the world, whereas sordid interest on the one hand and vanity on the other regulate the *soi-disant* affairs of the heart. Your true *fin-de-siecle* does not choose his mistress for her beauty, sometimes not even for love; he takes her because she is the fashion; because, by possessing her, he will become the envy of other men; because, she can dress well and will do him honor, as honor is counted in the clan to which he belongs. And when he marries it is to make an edifying end, to restock his empty coffers, to provide an heir for his name and much-incumbered estates. This is the man-about-town, the sporting man, the member of a fashionable club, who takes a part in a review written by one of themselves, or transforms himself ever and anon into a clown or circus-rider more proud of his thews and sinews than of his pedigree; who plays high, *par genre*, not for the sake of the excitement of gambling, and loses or wins with equanimity.

A very different man is the *fin-de siecle* of the literary world, who generally wears his hair long, writes his own verses—the more obscure and uninteligible the better; who haunts the society of women, yet professes to hold them in contempt—which does not, strange to say, make him the less welcome in fashionable drawing-rooms or boudoirs *a la mode* (two widely different centers); whose conversation is frequently the reverse of proper, and could not be tolerated were it not for a certain ambiguity of expression which throws a veil over some of his meaning.

There are more points of contact between this fellow and some of the *femmes du monde*, who claim the privilege of being a *fin-de-siecle*, than between them and the men of their own class. She is infinitely bored; she seeks from morning till night in the hope of finding a cure for her ennui, and does not succeed. Her liver impaired her digestion by highly seasoned viands and unwholesome diet generally, she has recourse to syrup of ether, and, worse still, morphine; reads the worst literature of the day, and likes her novels as highly spiced as her food. She is extravagant, fond of dress, greedy of admiration, has black circles under her eyes, and one child at most in the nursery. The *demi mondaine* of the new school, on the other hand, looks to the main chance, and hoards her ill-gotten gains that she may retire and live comfortably on the proceeds—even buy herself pseudo-respectability by marriage with some needy financier or politician in the struggle-for-life. Thus are the parts reversed. Vice has nowadays a big balance at her banker's, whereas virtue dissipates her patrimony and ends her days in a *maison de sante*.

An Original Genius.

A well-dressed man, leaning against a lamp-post, and apparently sleeping the sleep of the just, created a great deal of interest in a busy street the other day. He sat on a box which he seemed to have been carrying; suddenly being suddenly overcome with drowsiness, he had placed it on the kerbstone, and, sitting down upon it, fallen asleep. To those who succeeded in getting close enough to the man, his gentle restful snore dispelled the fear that he might be dead.

The side of his face was exposed and betrayed no signs of intoxication. It was the judgment of everyone that he was sober, in good health, and simply taking a quiet snooze. When the crowd became so dense as to threaten a blockade, the supposed sleeper suddenly jumped to his feet, mounted his box, and flourishing a couple of bottles over his head, exclaimed:

"Now, gents, seein' that you are all here, I rise to a question of privilege, and after thankin' you for this most cordial reception, which I assure you will long remain upon the tablets of my memory, I wish to call your attention to my world-renowned corn and bunion eradicator," and so on in the usual style.

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Very often are ladies subject to mis-judgment on account of their hair not being cared for. There is nothing which can improve or favor the expression of the face more than the hair. It is very difficult for a lady to dress her own hair becomingly without the addition of some artificial hair, which will save time and trouble and will add decidedly to the appearance. Every article in Hair Goods be it for style, comfort, necessity or for protection from colds or neuralgia, may be had ready-made or made to order on short notice at Armand's Hair Store, 447 Yonge 447, close to Y. M. C. A. Buildings, Toronto.

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BEEF, IRON AND QUININE WINE
A highly nutritious preparation combining the well-known tonic properties of Beef, Iron and Sherry Wine with Quinine (the active principal of Peruvian bark). In cases of Nervous Prostration or Extreme Debility arising from whatever cause its action is immediate, producing wonderful results. Specially valuable for convalescents after severe illness. Prepared only by
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"SANS SOUCI"

"Oh, girls, the mere idea of it gives me a fit of the blues," exclaimed Charlie.

"Now mind, dear, you may have a good time after all," chimed in Florence, who always looked on the bright side of everything.

"Read the letter over again, Mother dear," asked Lily, the youngest of the three girls, "and maybe we will discover some loophole of escape for our tomboy."

"Very well, but girls you must remember that your aunt means to be kind in her own cold way.

"MY DEAR MARGARET,—Doubtless you will be surprised upon receiving a letter from me, but I only heard this other day that when my brother died some eighteen months ago, he did not leave his family any too well provided for. As I have always wished to do my duty by my relatives, I have decided upon adopting the niece who is called after me. If I find her a nice, quiet and ladylike girl, I hope she will appreciate the advantages I shall see fit to give her. Of course I shall expect her to subject herself to all the rules of my household and otherwise conduct herself as becomes my niece. Enclosed find fifty pounds for her passage and other expenses. I hope to see my namesake by the next mail, telling me in which vessel my niece will sail and I will endeavor to have my housekeeper meet her.

"I remain yours truly,

"CHARLOTTE BERNARD."

When she had finished reading, Mrs Merton laid down the letter with a deep sigh at the thought of parting with one of her three treasures.

"The stiff old cat," exclaimed Charlie, the mad-cap of the family and the niece referred to in Mrs. Bernard's letter.

"Oh, mother!" cried Lily, "imagine our Charlie being quiet and lady-like," and at the mere thought of such an absurd term being used in connection with her wild, romp sister, the three girls went into peals of laughter. But suddenly Charlie grew very grave as she saw for the first time that her mother did not share their merriment, but sat looking sadly at the letter with eyes full of tears.

"Why, surely, mother, you do not intend to send me over to England to live with Aunt Charlotte?" she asked, in an anxious voice.

Mrs. Merton looked very grave as she answered:

"I am afraid you must go, darling, for you know that I cannot give you the advantages I would like to, and your aunt being childless will do everything for you if she takes a fancy to you."

"But what do I care for advantages if I lose you and the girls," cried Charlie passionately.

"If I have to live with that prim old dame, I know I shall run away, or die, or do something dreadful!"

"Hush, dearest! you really must not talk like that. You know that I would not part with my little girl did I think it was for her own good," said the poor widow, stooping to give her a fond kiss as she went from the room.

"And perhaps she will like you and leave you her money when she dies. Stranger things have happened," said Lily, taking up the thread of the conversation.

"Then you know if she does not like you she will send you back to us 'a sadder but a wiser' girl," added Flo the practical.

"Christopher Columbus! Girls, I have an idea!" cried Charlie, careering madly around the room, utterly regardless of furniture, and finally dropping down in exhausted upon the floor between her sisters.

"Ah! really," drawled Lily, sarcastically, "is it sudden you have an idea as to how to behave yourself."

"That's just it," interrupted Charlie, "I do not intend to behave myself, and I know I will be sent home again, see! Oh! but won't I make the old woman's hair stand on end with my slang and hoydenish ways."

"Flo, you surely will not carry on so before Aunt Charlotte, I think that would not be quite right."

"Now, Flo, you need not preach goody-goody, for I most certainly will do any and everything under the sun, if she will only trot one home again. And then a could not only talk and act properly like your dear prosaic self, if I tried forever," cried this incorrigible Canadian girl, whose English was more slangy and expressive than elegant. "Why did fate ever make me her godchild? Well," with a groan, "I intend making the most of my time before I am caged up and tamed into ladylikeness. So if you want me just look in the top of the willow at the foot of the garden," and picking up her book and a cushion, the merry, light-hearted girl waltzed out of the house and down the path to her favorite haunt in the old willow, where she read and dreamed away many idle hours, truly earning the pet title of Sans Souci, which her friends had given her and which suited the sunny-hearted girl as no other name could.

. . .

One afternoon a few weeks afterwards, Mrs. Bernard was sitting prim and stately in her sitting-room, which looked as stiff and cold as herself—having none of those little nick-nacks scattered about which make a home so home-like and cosy—awaiting the arrival of her expected goddaughter. She was knitting long black stocking slowly and mechanically—indeed, her friends averred that she had been knitting that identical stocking for the last years, and how it never got finished was a mystery none of them had yet solved.

Suddenly the door opened and a butler, so cold and stiff he might have been chiseled out of iron, said:

"Madam, Miss Merton has arrived."

"Very well, Thomas, ask the housekeeper to attend her to her room first, then you may bring her to me here," and Mrs. Bernard continued her knitting as quietly as ever, and the interminable black stocking once more occupied all her attention, while Thomas, with a grave bow, went to carry out his orders.

Poor Sans Souci! What a home to come to after the loving one she had so lately left, what a welcome after her lonely voyage, but the girl had a brave, proud spirit and struggled against a desire to cry out at the loneliness of her position. She followed the funereal looking housekeeper to the room allotted for her use—a small sitting-room and a bed-chamber. They were anything but pretty rooms and looked as chilly in the dim light that Charlie gave an involuntary shiver as she glanced at the stiff-backed chairs and bare walls.

"When you are ready, miss, if you will ring, someone will conduct you to madam," and with a curtsy the woman withdrew leaving the girl alone with her sad bitter thoughts and memories. "Oh," she cried in her loneliness, "for one glimpse of the dear little cottage at home with darling mother and the girls—I think I can see them all working and talking so cheerily in the dear shabby old sitting-room—mother in her low chair sewing, Lily reading on the stool at her feet, Flo reclining in her most graceful indolence on the lounge doing her everlasting fancy work; I wonder if they are thinking of their absent Charlie." And at the thought of this too vividly recalled home picture, poor Sans Souci threw herself on the bed and sobbed as though her heart might break.

But it was not long before the girl's natural vivacity and high spirits crushed down all painful thoughts, and curiosity as to her aunt and surroundings became the ruling passion strong within her. Hastily bathing her face and smoothing her pretty dark hair, she rang the bell, which, was answered by a neat little maid who offered to conduct her to her aunt. On reaching the sitting-room Charlie went forward with her usual eager impetuosity and implanted a hearty kiss upon each of her aunt's sallow cheeks.

Mrs. Bernard looked much as if she had been bitten by a mad dog suddenly let loose in her room, and with rather an alarmed glance she said to the girl:

"My dear Charlotte, how impetuous you are. It is very trying to my nerves to be rushed upon in that manner, which I trust you will remember in future. I hope you left them all well at home and had an agreeable journey. Will you not sit down?"

"Yes, to a girl who had left a loving home and crossed the ocean alone! However, bonny Charlie had determined to make the best of everything and try to love her aunt; but she felt as though a bucket of ice-cold water had been suddenly thrown over her. She sat down and tried to look comfortable on one of the straight-backed old chairs, while she gave her aunt an account of her journey. "And you know," she concluded, "I fairly loved the beautiful dark-blue water and the great, immense ship, like some stately queen, gliding over an interminable carpet of blue, and if it had not have been for leaving mother and the girls, it would have been no end of a lark."

"A what?" asked Mrs Bernard, eyeing poor Charlie through her gold rimmed glasses.

"A lark," answered that young lady, tamely, "means lots of fun."

"I hope, my dear niece, you are not given to the use of slang. There is nothing so degrading in a young girl. To-morrow we will begin a course of good reading, and I hope you will soon find enough English words to express your thoughts without reverting to slang. In the meantime, my dear, you may get your knitting."

"My knitting!" echoed Charlie, "I have none—why, aunt, I do not know how to knit."

"Not—know—how—to—knit," repeated the old lady with much the same horror as she would have said, "not know how to walk," then added mournfully, "I never thought I should live to have a grown-up niece who did not know how to knit! What was your mother thinking of not to teach you?"

"Dear mother always allowed us to do as we liked, and we none of us liked knitting."

"Alas! what a sad way some children are brought up—to hear them talk they fancy that you make use of such expressions with such a careless mother."

"My dear mother is not careless," exclaimed hot-headed Charlie passionately. "She is much nicer than you are. I wish I was at home with them all now, and I will go. I do not want your old knitting, and I want to live with my darling mother," and the dark eyes flashed forth a volume of fire at the old lady, and there was a passionate stamp of the little foot.

"Charlotte," said Mrs. Bernard, in the soothing tones she would use towards a naughty child, "your long journey has been too much for your nerves; you had better go into the garden till it is time to dress for dinner, or until you feel calmer."

Poor, spoilt Sans Souci, always following her own sweet will—singing, dancing, talking, walking—not half alive in her prison, some stray restless sunbeam. She was like some wild, free bird, suddenly caught and put in an open cage with wings clipped. And will even a cage and an iron will subdue the passionate proud-spirited girl! But her temper evaporated as quickly as the silvery dew in the warm sunshine, as she wandered alone amidst the beautiful old gardens than she forgot all the restraint and gloom within, and all her old wild, daring spirit came back. Wandering on, she soon spied a delicious patch of strawberries, and tucking her skirts up all around her, she knelt down amidst the luscious and beautiful glowing berries. Before long both lips and fingers were stained with the crimson fruit, and an intent was she in her occupation that she failed to hear the wicket gate close behind. The girl gave a great start as a shadow fell in front of her, and a quick, manly voice, said:

"Here comes a poacher, I wonder who I am? Don't you know you will get into trouble, stealing madam's finest fruit? Here, march now! I am the owner of the property here!" the head slowly and sees a tall, handsome young man standing, watching her, and evidently taking her for a young thief. No wonder, she thinks, look her for a child with her short skirts and great immense sun hat hiding her face, then with her small, slight figure, she looked more like a child of twelve than a fully appreciated a good joke, she looked up and began slowly:

"Please, sir, I didn't know as how it was wrong," then up went one finger into the corner of her mouth like a frightened child.

"Well, dear cut now, I will let you off this time but do not trespass again or I shall be under the painful necessity of handing you over to madam," continued the firm, musical voice.

Then, as the girl arose and dropped him a demure curtsy, he had a full view of the pretty *vivant* face and dusky eyes.

"I beg your pardon; but I thought I was addressing some child belonging to one of the servants at the house," he said in a rather puzzled voice.

Again the finger went into the corner of the mouth, and with a simper the girl said:

"Please, I belongs to nobody, sir, but you ain't agoing to tell the lady on me, sir?" anxiously, and with another bob up and down.

"No, young most delicious of poachers, but I tell you for your own good you had better not be caught here again," and the tall figure sauntered on towards the house wondering how it was that one belonging to the lower class should have such a refined lovely face—but her grammar and then such *gaucherie*—with a sudden impatience he rings the doorbell of Dorchester House.

Let us glance back at the cause of his musings and we find madcap Charlie sitting upon the grass and rolling from side to side of laughter with the keen appreciation of a good joke. "I really think I did it very well," she murmured to herself, "ha! ha! I am some vulgar housemaid. Oh! imagine his saying 'he would let me off this time,' and then telling me to 'march!' Well, what fun—he is awfully handsome but just a little too lordly, perhaps, I wonder who he is and what he is calling at Aunt's for. Well! I think I have had enough adventure for one day besides an unexpected entree in the shape of a jolly good lark, so I must go home to my duck in disgrace story," for so the wild girl had already named her aunt's strict establishment. When she got to her room she found it lacking just time to make herself presentable before dinner, so with swift gracefulness she ran upstairs to "ativate" as she called it. At the sound of the gong she flew down stairs at the last moment and reached the dining-room almost breathless, and to the infinite horror of Mrs. Bernard, exclaimed:

"Oh! Auntie, I am so hungry and feel as if I could eat a"—but suddenly she stopped in consternation as she saw for the last time a tall figure at the far end of the room, gazing at her in the greatest surprise and bewilderment. Quite unconscious of this little drama, her aunt said:—

"Charlotte, you must learn to be more ladylike, my nerves cannot stand such fuss." Then turning to the young man, who had managed to recover himself, or as Charlie would say "had found his balance," she said.

"My dear Sir Harry, this is the niece I was expecting and of whom I told you. Charlotte, this is Sir Harry Chester, an old friend of mine." In acknowledgment of the introduction, Charlie looked up wickedly and then dropped a demure curtsy behind her aunt's back just as she did in the garden, thoroughly enjoying Sir Harry's discomfiture.

Meanwhile he is thinking, "Such a pretty girl and to think of the bad mode of myself in the garden, but how the deuce was I to know she was such a confounded little actress. By Jove! but she must think me a brute—and then to charge her with stealing! The little minx! to look and talk as she did—I could bet she has been laughing at me ever since for being such an awful ass. Confound it!" At this stage his musings were interrupted by the butler announcing Hamilt. During that solemn meal Sans Souci devoted herself, first, to her dinner, secondly, to "taking stock," as she would express it, of their visitor and listening to the formal conversation her aunt carried on. After dinner Mrs. Bernard settled herself for her usual nap, and Charlie set to entertain Sir Harry, which at first seemed to be rather embarrassing—at least for the baronet—till Charlie took pity upon him and with a merry laugh, said:

"Why don't you ask me where I learned my grammar, Sir Harry? You are looking at me as if I was some strange animal, which, to say the least of it, is very rude."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Merton, but what must you think of me after the way I spoke to you in the garden! But, really, you know it was not altogether my fault, now was it?" he asked, anxiously, but the remembrance was too much for Charlie's gravity and she gave way to silvery peals of laughter in which the baronet joined.

"Did I not do it well?" she asked, when at last she found her breath. "I copied our old washerwoman at home. Oh, dear! how the girls would have enjoyed it, for they always said I was a good actress. Then the ininitable way you said, 'March on, young woman.' I am sure," she added, turning her expressive face towards him, "your voice would have honored a policeman when he issues an order. 'Move on.' And you not hesitate to put some one as a kitchen maid—do I really look so much like one?" she asked, with well feigned anxiety.

Sir Harry looked at the fair face and dark laughing eyes and thought it the sweetest he had ever seen.

"Well!" questioned the mocking voice.

"I think, Miss Merton, that you are a born actress" answered the young man.

"*Cela va sans dire*" was the merry answer, "I really expect to be one some day when madam sends me home as incorrigible which the girls said she was sure to do. Then I will earn my own living and not be a burden to poor mother, for," with a sudden sweet gravity in the clear young voice, "we are so poor and it is a great wrench to her that she cannot give her girls proper advantages, so I am going to try and be good and make Aunt Charlotte love me, for you know—but I do not think she could love either Lily or Flo, they are so much nicer than I am and would be sure to get on with her. You know" continued Sans Souci with the quick change from the grave to the gay which was one of her greatest charms, "when I said I had no end of a lark coming over, I thought madam would have an apoplectic fit."

"I can quite believe it" answered Sir Harry who was himself rather bewildered by this wild, frank and altogether bewitching Canadian girl—so different from the young ladies whom he was accustomed to meet—but, oh! how much more charming.

. . .

Several months have passed—during which time poor Charlie has been in continual disgrace with madam for her wild, wilful ways and sometimes very comical outbreak of passions. Yet, even madam knew that great dull Dorchester House was a different place since the merry Charlie's arrival, and much as her nerves had to suffer, she would not have parted with her niece who was always so ready to wait on her, amusing her with the read any dry book which pleased her aunt, but which was torture to herself. As for Charlie she was far from being as miserable as she pictured herself being, and was really beginning to feel an affection for her prim stern aunt, but not warm enough to prevent her finding amusement in teasing the old lady by some most unconventional act or saying.

Then she found great fun in teasing Sir Harry Chester, and he who was a great favorite in one pretext or another—first a book, then some music—something brought him there every day. Indeed he had suddenly developed a great desire to cultivate Mrs. Bernard's friendship although an onlooker might notice that he was rather silent and absent unless a dainty little figure was near, and the fact was that the baronet had fallen madly, passionately in love with that merry dark-eyed daughter of Canada—sweet Charlie Merton.

. . .

One bright sunshiny afternoon, Sir Harry was sitting in madam's morning room on a stiff-backed chair, vainly trying to appear interested in madam's pet poodles, madam's servants, madam's charities and various other subjects all more or less intensely boring to the young man. But hush! what is it which suddenly brought that brightness to his eyes and the smile to his lips? Surely there is no such thing as mistaking that look of joy, the sudden sharp click of the garden gate followed by swift light footsteps up the path? But, ah! with a quick light bound someone sprang through the low open window with a merry laugh at madam's look of horror and said:

"How awfully jolly and cool you two look in here. Don't be alarmed, auntie, there are no bones broken, and I am still right side up with care, you see," exclaimed Charlie, laughing and fanning her hot, flushed face with her hat.

"Oh! my dear, what will become of you! To think that I should have such a niece, and my own godchild, too," began poor Mrs. Bernard in the most distressed tone of voice, when she stopped, for even madam could not scold that little, radiant vision of laughing waywardness, as she sauntered in wondering ready for a lecture. In a moment Charlie had bent and kissed the stern withered cheeks with the words:

"Dear auntie, I do try to be better and to be more ladylike to please you, but ah!"—and the sweet lips drooped pathetically—"I always forget."

"There, there child, I expect it is not your fault, and you are a very good girl sometimes, and—can it be possible?—I believe Sir Harry Bernard who puts down her previous knitting (the endless black stocking) to stroke the girl's dark head as it leans against her shoulder! Sir Harry, who is an admiring spectator of this little tableau, thinks that truly this little Canadian girl must be a veritable witch to have won madam's cold heart.

After dinner, while Mrs. Bernard has her usual sleep, Charlie and the baronet stroll through the rose-scented, twilight grounds. The young man is unusually grave and preoccupied. Charlie as usual is either singing or whistling snatches of comic songs, but, hush! she suddenly becomes aware of her escort's strange preoccupation, and she wickedly sings:

"My heart's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands,
A-chasing the deer."

This has an altogether unlooked-for result, for the young baronet suddenly comes after her with eager, love-lit eyes, and says, passionately:

"Charlie, why will you tease me so! I can't stand it any longer—

"Well! Sir Harry," interrupted a low, demure voice, "it is not my fault you are tired of standing, but there is a seat a little further down, and I think, as she turned to her bewildered glance, she broke off with a merry laugh.

"Oh! I see; you were only chaffing me," said the poor baronet. "My darling, why will you not let me tell you how I love you, and—

"Oh! Sir Harry, I know madam is waiting for the tea-pot of course," Sans Souci exclaimed, with a last desperate attempt to avoid hearing what she knew very well she wanted to hear—but such a strange contrariness of woman—running away from what she loves best. This time, however, Charlie had not reckoned for a will stronger than her own, so when the baronet firmly imprisoned the small, white hands in his own strong ones, the wilful little flirt knew there was no escape for her, and with a sublime generosity yielded to the inevitable.

"Tease, why do you tease me so? Why will you not answer my question?"

"But you did not ask me one, Sir Harry," with a deeply injured air.

"Dear heart, you know what I would ask if you gave me the chance. My little brown witch, will you be my wife? Can you ever learn to love me a little wee bit?"

"Oh, but wouldn't a big bit do, Sir Harry?" asked the wicked little tease—then scanning the tall, broad form she added, "I am sure it would be loving a big bit, if I loved you, do you not think so?"

"What I do think, sweetheart," said her lover clasping the slight figure in his arms and raining burning passionate kisses upon the proud wilful face, "is that no man ever wooed such a provoking little flirt as yourself, but wait until you are married and I will pay you out," with a joyous nod.

"I did hear once," murmured the incorrigible girl, "that it took the form of a wedding—and—well, you haven't got me yet."

"Charlie, every word you utter more, I will wil—kiss you for."

"Ah! but wouldn't it be rather awkward to kiss a person after every word they say, it would take so long to say any thing, and besides, you could not manage it with the constant wear my lips would grow so thin."

"You little witch! will you ever be serious for one minutes?" laughed Sir Harry. "I see the servant coming to look for you, and I intend holding you right here, like this, till you tell me yes or no."

"But, Sir Harry, you are holding me so tightly that I can scarcely breathe. Let me go and I will tell you something"—the last very pleasingly. The baronet loosened his arms and Charlie was free.

"Well! darling I am waiting for something." Even then the proud, high spirited girl would not give in completely and tell the man who loved her with such a great love, that he was all the world to her, but with a sweet, coaxing grace she tossed her dainty head and sang that pretty verse:

"When I grow old, I'll smile and say
I had no cares in childhood day,
'Twill not be true, 'twill not be true—
I have been cross—I care for you."

And with a quick bound she flew down the path towards the house.

. . .

Charlie's happiness was complete when her aunt wrote for her mother and sisters to come over to England, so that her niece might be married from Dorchester House, for the old lady would not part with her Charlie. She had grown to love dearly her wild *insouciant* godchild, and she could not bear the thought of parting with her even a moment before it was necessary. So her only alternative was to get Mrs. Merton and the girls to come to her. When madam fully comprehended this, she gave in gracefully and wrote to Mrs. Merton.

Who can describe the joyful reunion which took place at Dorchester House a few weeks afterwards! The sisters and mother were so proud of their darling who was so soon to be "Lady Chester."

Madam thought, before she had spent a week in Mrs. Merton's society, that there was, after all, some excuse for her brother's marrying sweet, gentle, but penniless Alice Deane, for she herself was growing very fond of the grave widow with such sweet and dignified ways.

What happy busy weeks flew by before the wedding-day! Sir Harry must have spent a small fortune presenting his little lady-love and her sisters with gifts of flowers and jewelry. Madam chaperoned Mrs. Merton and the girls, in fact he told Charlie if anything happened to her he would marry her himself, and she was very happy, to which the saucy girl replied that there was time to think of yet, and she would be delighted to act as bridesmaid, besides being spared an immense lot of regret in the future.

But the change was not made, and on a certain bright sunny morning it was Sans Souci who became Lady Chester, and passed from the beautiful old church with tall, handsome Sir Harry Chester by her side. Half an hour of congratulations and performances passed, and the white-haired clergyman joined together with "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," and the sweet face of the bride made by "man of the world" all reveal the fact that they have been absolutely disgusted with women because of imperfections on their faces.

NOTE—The Recamier Preparations are the remedies referred to in the above article.

What they are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations is the original face powder used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The *Recamier Toilet Preparations* are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and *contain neither Lead, Bismuth or Arsenic*, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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To Ezra Sheriff Hallock Esqr.
Yours very truly
Andrew Ayer M.D.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Their Influence on London Society.

(*From the London Saturday Journal.*)

"The tendency of the present day is the laxity of conversation permitted by many ladies of rank in their male friends. This evil has been of very rapid growth and has spread in many cases from the married women even to the girls, who think they can thus make them selves agreeable to the men as their successful rivals. This, to a great extent, is attributable to the rage for beautiful women which is dominating London society, as it has done where throughout the world. A woman, if she is extremely lovely, can always get an introduction and is sure to be a star in society. This rage for beauty has been a great bane in London society for a long time, and has been a great source of annoyance to many women who feel themselves shelved and neglected by the men in favor of fashionable beauties.

"Society has lately advanced a step further, and the beauties of London society, whose 'faces are their fortunes,' are now becoming more numerous. Many women with brilliant minds and goddess-like forms have been neglected and passed by unnoticed for the woman who could only claim a beautiful face.

"Most women of intellect and fine figure have felt these charms to be sufficient and have neglected their faces. The result has been an army of women with almost hideous faces caused by blotches, redness, roughness of the skin, pimples, disgusting blackheads, liver spots and other imperfections which the professional beauty has with such ancient been careful to either cure or prevent.

"Mrs. Langtry, Adelina Patti, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mme. Modjeska, Fanny Davenport and Helen Dauvray thoroughly understand the importance among woman's attractions of a perfect complexion. They have tried every imaginable remedy and have unanimously agreed on one—the one used by all the professional beauties. It is called by 'men of the world' all reveal the fact that they have been absolutely disgusted with women because of imperfections on their faces."

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OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

My Senorita.

One bright spring morning in 187-, when the diligencia rolled out of Toboso, I found myself the only passenger. I had a ride of forty miles before me to the city of Mexico, and the prospect of making the trip alone did not suit me. The driver of the diligencia, one Gil Perez, had a villainous face, a face suggestive of treason, stratagems and spoils, and every time it was turned in my direction I instinctively felt under the seat to see if my valise was still there.

My valise was fully worthy of this attention on my part. It contained five thousand dollars in gold, the result of my collecting trip to Toboso, undertaken in the interest of a wealthy American client at the capital.

The interior of the vehicle was capable of accommodating six or eight persons, and I longed for a fellow passenger.

We had not left the outskirts of the town fairly behind us, when the lumbering old coach was brought to a sudden standstill, the four horses throwing themselves into a line across the road, with the evident intention of taking to the woods.

"Carrajo!" howled Gil Perez, from his lofty perch, as he gave his whip a vigorous crack. "Thou devil of a Sancho, I will cut out thy heart and liver, and as for thee, Perdita, I will flay thee alive!"

I laughed. When the driver talked in this fashion to his beasts he was in a good humor. His lusty oaths and frightful threats counted for nothing.

The cause of our halt was soon explained. Two young women had signalled Gil Perez to stop. One of them was immediately handed into the vehicle by her companion and the driver. It seemed to me that some bird of the tropics, with an overpowering glitter of gorgeous plumage, had swooped down upon me, and I naturally looked out of the window until I could think of something to say.

It struck me that the new passenger's maid, for such the young woman outside appeared to be, was a very picturesque affair. She had a rich complexion, with fine black eyes, and her hair, arranged in long, glossy plaits, hung down nearly to her heels. Her head, neck and shoulders were perfectly bare, and her only garments were a loose-fitting white cotton tunic, and a petticoat of red and blue reaching to her knees. She gave me a saucy look and kissed her hand to her mistress, keeping up a lively chatter all the time.

After the driver had stored away the light baggage of the senorita, as he called her, and a parting adios had been exchanged between the lady and the airy-looking young woman who was to be left behind, the diligencia started, and it was soon rumbling on its way.

Under the circumstances it was impossible for me to go on looking at the landscape for ever. It was clearly my duty to make myself agreeable to the senorita.

The task did not appear at all unpleasant to me after I had fairly surveyed the situation out of the corner of my eye. If an excuse for opening a conversation had been lacking, Gil Perez was polite enough to supply it.

"The senor will be delighted to know," he said, with a flourish, "that the senorita will honor us with her company all the way to the city."

I managed in rather crippled Spanish to express my almost delirious pleasure, and wound up by saying that I had been in a state of utter gloom and despair over my solitary journey.

To my surprise, the senorita replied in excellent English, and said that she was overjoyed to have an American for a fellow traveler.

"I like the Americans," she said. "They are—what do you call it? Nice, I think, is the word. Yes, they are so nice!"

"Talks like one of our boarding school misses," I said to myself, and then I made some suitable reply.

There was no question about it; the senorita was pretty. Tall as a daughter of the gods, with midnight hair and eyes, harmonizing well with her brunette complexion, she was what I called, impressed as I was by her costume, a blazing beauty. She was not dressed for traveling, but perhaps she considered a ride of forty miles a mere trifle. She was attired after the fashion of the senoritas I had seen promenading in the parks at the capital. Her hair was studded with flashing gems and her dress was of some almost diaphanous material that appeared to gleam and shimmer with the prismatic hues of the rainbow. Shewore the inevitable black lace mantilla which ladies are seldom seen without in Spanish-American countries; but if it was intended effectually to conceal her snowy shoulders, it was a lamentable failure as to disguise; as much so as the V-shaped bodice which was so liberally cut that I found myself softly quoting:

"O! her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore."

My fair companion was not long in telling me that she was returning from a brief visit to a sick relative. Beyond that she had little to reveal about herself. But she did not scruple to ask any number of questions. Did I like Mexico? Was I traveling for business or pleasure? What did I think of the Mexican ladies?

I answered all these questions, as I lazily and complacently watched the flitting tan which which this beautiful creature appeared to do at least half of her conversation. In fact, I grew unnecessarily communicative. I mentioned my visit to Toboso, and told of my success in collecting an old debt, for which I was to receive a good fee.

"And the senor is not afraid of robbers?" hinted the senorita.

"Well, certainly not in the daytime," I replied. "I have a good seven-shooter, and with the driver to help, I ought to be able to hold my own."

"You Americans are so brave," murmured the senorita. "But the brigands are very bold; I have seen them in the suburbs of the capital."

"Senorita," I answered, "look at this little toy, and tell me if you think a highwayman would care to face it."

I handed her my pistol—a weapon of the latest improved pattern. She examined it with apparent interest.

"Let me lay it on the seat here, and conceal it under my mantilla," she suggested. "If we need it, I can hand it to you quicker than you could draw it from your pocket."

As it was really a very good idea, I consented readily.

We did not suffer for topics of conversation; but this girl—for she was nothing more than a girl—made such a pretty picture in her strange costume that I found sufficient entertainment in looking at her. I was just beginning to admit to myself that I was madly in love with her, when the diligencia gave a lurch, and came to a full stop in a dark and thickly wooded place through which we were passing.

"El Tornado!" shouted Gil Perez.

"Merciful saints!" cried the senorita.

I felt an uneasy thrill. El Tornado was the bravest and most desperate brigand in that region. He had a short time before kidnapped a wealthy banker, and in default of a ransom had, with his own hand, blown out the prisoner's brains.

"Quick! My pistol!" I exclaimed.

But a mysterious change had come over the senorita. Before the words were out of my mouth, she had the weapon at full cock levelled at my head.

"Senor Americano," she said, "it is useless to resist. See!"

A glance showed that I was helpless. Only four robbers were in sight, but they were four against one, to say nothing of the senorita. The men were all masked. One held the horses of the diligencia, another stood guard over Gil Perez, with a pistol pointed at his head, while two others at either end of the coach covered me with their weapons and demanded my valise.

"The senor will hand it to you."

Could that voice be the senorita's? Undoubtedly it was, but it sounded strangely.

With three revolvers focused on me, within a few inches of my head, there was nothing to do but to make the best of it. I quietly delivered the valise with its golden contents. The door was opened, and the senorita was assisted out by one of the brigands. She was instantly helped into a vacant saddle, and El Tornado exchanged a few whispers with her. Then he turned to me.

"Thanks, senor, for your attention to this lady. You carry with you our best wishes. Adios!"

"Adios, senor," cbimed in the lady, waving her hand.

I grumbled out an answer, and the little cavalcade spurred off at a gallop.

Gil Perez was of but little comfort to me. He crossed himself several times, and told me that I was lucky in escaping from El Tornado with my life. Then he swore at Sancho and Perdita, and lashed the horses until they dashed forward at the top of their speed.

. . . . . .

One night, a week later, I was coming out of the opera house with a friend. The president and a group of officials came along, and we made way for them. Suddenly, a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten, flashed before my eyes. Leaning on the arm of a distinguished looking officer in a colonel's uniform was the senorita, my own senorita!

"What is the matter?" asked my friend.

"That woman," I cried. Who is she?"

"The Senora Alvarez."

"And the man?"

"Her husband, Colonel Alvarez."

Taken aback as I was, I thought of what was due to my friend. I told the whole story.

"I am sorry you have lost your senorita," he said, with a grim smile, "but keep your discovery to yourself. I have no doubt Alvarez does sometimes take a hand in highway robbery under the name of El Tornado, and his wife helps him. She posted the gang about your visit to Toboso. Everything that occurred was pre-arranged. But you have no remedy. Alvarez is an officer of high standing. If you make the charge that he is El Tornado you will be shot as sure as fate.

Other Americans took the same view, and, as my client showed no disposition to make a fight for the recovery of his money, I took my departure for the States without again seeing my senorita.

His First Case Had Been a Failure.

"Birdie," exclaimed the youth, "listen to me."

William Erskine Bumblebee rose to his feet and spoke with all the earnestness and self-possession that two years of unremitting study for the practice of law can confer upon a young man of good natural ability.

"Birdie," he said, with vehement voice and sweeping gesture, "this is the first disagreement we have ever had. I ask you the simple, plain, categorical question: 'Will you be my wife?' and you answer 'No.' That raises an issue at once. My asking you, of course, implies an intention on my part to make you my wife. Your answer is an obstruction, an obstacle, in the way of the carrying out of that design or intention on my part. It is in the nature of a demurrer, yet it is not in suitable form. It is inoperative and void. Now, if not in proper form, nor based on sufficient grounds, as I shall show by unquestionable authority, it follows that—"

"But, William," interposed the amazed young woman, "have I not the right to—"

"The question of rights in this matter," said the young man, severely, "comes in afterward. I have the opening. You can be heard later on. The case, as I understand it," he continued, knitting his brows and raising his voice, "may be stated thus: We hold a conference this evening, here, by appointment, in this parlor, which parlor your father, John Abraham Snaggsford built or procured the building of; he, the said John Abraham Snaggsford knowing that it was not improbable that such a conference as this might be held here from time to time, he being the father of eight unmarried daughters. Very good. We meet here. I ask you a direct question, in the course of this conference. I came here to ask that question. It is a matter of record. You did not take any exception to it as a question. You did not object. You merely answered no. I immediately take exception to your answer. I object to it," pursued Mr. Bumblebee, who was now talking at the top of his voice, "as not being the proper form of answer. I raise the point that it should have been otherwise, and the authorities will sustain me—"

"No, they won't," roared old Mr. Snaggsford, as he burst into the room. "The authorities don't do anything of the kind, young man! The authorities," he vociferated, catching Mr. Bumblebee by the collar and propelling him rapidly toward the door, "decide that this parlor wasn't made for bellowing young squirts that think themselves lawyers to do their practicing in! Get out of here!"

And with the energetic assistance of Mr. Snaggsford, freely and ungrudgingly rendered, William Erskine Bumblebee got out of there. His first case had been a failure.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Nothing Slow About Him.

Old Coquette (with designs on Herr S——, the barrister)—But why don't you get married, Herr Schmuckert?

Barrister—After you, mein fraulein, after you!

An Ideal Small Boy.

Johnny (aged six, brother to Amelia)—My sister, Mr. Spoonee, will be up directly. She is now engaged in washing supper dishes.

Mr. Spoonee—I thought young ladies left that business for their mothers to attend to.

Johnny—Some young ladies who think only of their own ease may leave such work for their mothers, but Amelia never does. She never permits mother to do anything which she can do herself. I don't think I ever saw a young lady who kept herself so busy about the house. Really, I think she is never so happy as when at work.

Mr. Spoonee—Tell me, Johnny, does she ever say anything about me?

Johnny—She frequently speaks of you as a gentleman whose company she would help esteeming highly. You know she has many suitors, but never, she says, until she saw you, did she experience anything approaching to love.

Mr. Spoonee—Of course, she knows that my fortune is ample, and——

Johnny—Excuse me, sir, but while, of course, she is not insensible to the advantages of wealth, she has repeatedly said that when she weds it will be because of the love she bears the man who asks her hand.

Mr. Spoonee—Come, Johnny, do you think she would have me?

Johnny—I can't say positively, sir. I know she thinks well of you. Indeed, I am sure she cannot fail of recognizing your worth. But there is a Mr. Quick who has pressed his suit very industriously for some time, and if I may be allowed to make a suggestion, I should advise you to propose as quickly as possible. You will excuse me now, Mr. Spoonee. I hear Amelia on the stairs, and it might be embarrassing for you to meet in my presence. Good evening, sir.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Tramp of High Degree.

Farmer's wife—Who is that horrible looking man at the gate? Tramp—That's a friend of mine, mum. Farmer's wife—Well, he's the worst looking thing I've seen in seventeen years. Tramp—He ain't very pretty, mum, I'll admit, but between you and me he stands very high in our profession.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Terrible Weapon.

Croker—Madam, I suggest that you send this chicken pie to the navy.

Mrs. Coldham—For mercy's sake, what would the navy do with it?

Croker—Well, it might come in handy to repel boarders, you know.—*America.*

Prize Card Secured.

Mistress—Hannah, how is the church fair getting along?

Maid—It wor doin' poorly, mum, but now the attindance is treminjus.

Mistress—What caused the change?

Maid—Well, mum, the comitty wint and hired a man who ates glass.

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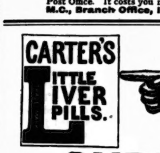

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the result is a collision, whether "coming thro' the rye," or not. Life is full of collisions. We are constantly colliding with somebody or something. If it isn't with our neighbors it is with some dread diseases that "knocks us off the track" and perhaps disables us for life. Women especially it seems, have to bear the brunt of more collisions and afflictions than mankind. In all cases of nervousness, bearing-down sensations, tenderness, periodical pains, sick headache, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration and all "female irregularities" and "weaknesses," Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the rescue of women as no other medicine does. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. See *guarantee* on bottle-wrapper.
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Womanly Modesty.

Miss Jenness of New York, an advocate of divided skirts and other dress reforms, recently startled society by advocating that women should ride on horseback astride. She also said she intended to carry her theory into practice in Central Park some fine afternoon wearing a peculiar habit of her own invention. This was immediately taken up by the papers, which are ever ready to dilate on subjects of such delicious interest, and was discussed pro and con with a vigor and acumen which would not have dishonored a more important subject. It is not likely that the reform inaugurated by Miss Jenness will be very generally adopted. Very few women have figures that would bear the test of trying the new method as well as that of its promoter, who is reported to be both divinely tall and divinely graceful. It thus becomes a question of personal beauty and grace, and when it comes to this the verdict cannot fail to go in favor of the conventional method. In the widespread discussion which this question has evoked the modesty and the immodesty of the new system formed the basis of most of the argument. These were the points on which there was most confusion, as might be expected. They are points which have worn down the social controversialist's pen since the year one. It is not often that the modesty or immodesty of woman's dress is a subject of controversy, excepting, of course, the dresses of the stage and the ball room. These themes have become so worn out that the new variation of the old story afforded by Miss Jenness' riding habit was seized upon all the more eagerly. Every now and again some censorious clergyman hard driven for a subject of discourse thunders a wholesale denunciation against the indecency of the *decollete* evening dress of women, and the costumes of the stage and particularly of the ballet. These fierce denouncers, be they preachers or writers, usually take but a narrow view of the subject. They forget in their zeal that as the ethics of one era differ from those of another, so do the ethics of certain classes of society differ. What constitutes modesty and immodesty with one class may be reversed to the next. It all depends on what they are used to. And failing to recognize these facts they always come to a queer conclusion.

When it is remembered that all our ideas of morality and modesty are the result of custom and education, the futility and uselessness of much of this discussion will be perceived. Because an ignoramus blushes in looking upon the statue of the Venus de Medici, would any intelligent person advocate the destruction of the statue. The fact that Miss Jenness or any other woman rides astraddle in a divided skirt, if she thinks it more safe or conducive to health, does not necessarily imply her immodesty. Neither does the wearing of tights by a ballet dancer, because the graceful pirouetting and saltatory movements of her dance require them. A woman in evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, may convey to a person the most powerful idea of the modesty of chaste womanhood, while another woman clad in robes of monastic severity may inspire emotions quite the reverse. An artist can paint nude figures that would not give rise to the first idea of indecency. On the other hand he can paint a full-draped figure which would be unfit for exhibition. The modesty is in the woman and not in the clothes she wears. The people of the East regard all the costumes of our women as immodest, yet no one thinks seriously of adopting their veiled and sombre garb, which comes as near suiting the ideas of the early ascetic Fathers as anything now extant. The old adage that "the Queen of Spain has no legs" is pretty well exploded, and very properly so, with regard to the queens of society in the present day. If women are endowed by nature with charming and graceful figures, it was not for concealment in uncouth and shapeless garments. Those who see immodesty in every revelation of the female form are those who might with profit dwell upon the true significance of the motto of British royalty, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Or, if they raise their voices in a pessimistic wail over the degeneracy and shamelessness of the present era.

Children should be taught, so far as they are permitted to concern themselves with the characters of those around them, to seek faithfully for good, not to lie in wait maliciously to make themselves merry with evil; they should be too painfully sensitive to wrong to smile at it, and too modest to constitute themselves its judges.

Our natures are rich and varied; and many sides must be brought out before we can attain our fullest development. A narrow idea of success suffices for most of us. The attainment of political power, of literary fame, of wealth, of comforts, even of excellence in one direction, is only a part of a broader success, that success which involves a continual exercise of those powers in which we excel and a continual awakening of those which have lain dormant within us. This is the goal best worth striving for, though too often we see only the close-lying objects and do not realize the breadth of the outlook from higher ground. But, if we will struggle, however blindly, we shall, little by little, attain more nearly the larger thoughts and broader desires which, making our individual success in life, tend also to make the grand success of the world.

The Music

The published programmes of the music sung in our churches on Easter Sunday are a very satisfactory evidence of the state of church music in Toronto. From all sides these accounts of large choirs and good singing, while the character of the music sung shows laudable ambition and a good taste. The tendency has been to give careful preparation to elaborate programmes, with the best results. The new churches have not been behindhand and are making brave efforts to overtake their older sisters, with the result that emulation abounds on all sides. The choirs are improving in membership and in efficiency, and the army of soloists is steadily increasing so that another year should, if this energy and ambition continue, see still further progress. Generally the Easter vestry meetings in the Anglican churches afford an opportunity for the unsympathetic to work off their spleen against the singing-folk, but this year's meetings have been unusually quiet in this respect, as the subject was discussed in only two vestries. At St. Simon's the question whether Anglican or Gregorian chants should be sung, was discussed, but no definite conclusion was reached. At St. James', as might have been expected, an objection to the surpliced choir was registered, but did not come to much.

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Well, the great Von Bulow has been here and has played, and we have heard one of the giants of the day. An almost infinite knowledge of musical history and an equally extended acquaintance with all that has been written, said and composed in the realm of piano music, as well as of orchestral music of all kinds, have equipped Herr Von Bulow to a degree enjoyed by few mortals for the position he assumes—that of being an intellectual as well as a technical exponent of the great masters. None who heard him on Monday evening could doubt this. Others have come here and played many of the numbers on his programme with infinite grace and poetical sentiment, and with many delicacies and elegancies of technical treatment, but none have so completely given us the idea of a broad, all-pervading intellectuality as did Von Bulow. In all that he played one could read the influence of a well-ripened mind superadded to the technical facility which was wonderful in a man of his age. His touch was large, broad and crisp, beautifully clear in passages and runs, and generally in fine balance. Occasionally when crossing hands the left hand would show a slight weakness, and occasionally a false note would be heard, but this only served to accentuate the general breadth and nobility of his playing. The dainty elegance and ultra-refinement of tone that delighted us in D'Albert was not present, but in its place was a warm, genial virility that deserves as high a place as its opposite.

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His fugue playing was a delight to all; it was so clear and distinct and effervescent, so irresistible in its force and flow. Especially delightful was the little fugue closing the Raff suite, op. 72. His playing of the Sonata Appassionata was a triumph of the intellectual and the sentimental, and was a lesson long to be remembered by all piano-students. Von Bulow's great strength lies in Beethoven, as he is probably the greatest living exponent of the master, and is certainly the greatest Beethoven student; the value of every note and every phrase is most carefully studied. His playing is very level, contrasts of light and shade as well as of speed being used very sparingly. Some of this may be due to the condition of his technique, as a man of sixty may not be able to control his powers to the same extent that he did twenty years ago. His Chopin readings were delightful, especial geniality shining forth in the Scherzo, op. 39, and a warm feeling being given to the Nocturne, op. 9. It was a surprise to many that so intelligent an exponent of the severer music could impart so much sentiment to his lighter selections. The lady who provided the vocal numbers of the programme, Miss A. Smith, gave a very pleasing rendering of the Bird Song from David's Perle du Brezil. She has a clear, flexible voice, well equalized in its registers, and sang this number with great taste and artistic grace, as well as with beautifully certain intonation. But her performance fell off as she reappeared, her rendition of the Bell Song from Lakme not equalling that of her first number, and the great Queen of the Night aria which followed being rather carelessly sung with impure attacks. Her encore songs, however, was charmingly sung, and re-established her popularity. Mr. F. H. Torrington played her accompaniments with his accustomed judiciousness. The concert was arranged by Messrs. I. Suckling & Son.

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Another great star, but of different color and magnitude, has crossed our orbit this week, being no less than the great American Emma. Heralded by advance notices that have all the breezy freshness of a sunny day in June, she has dazzled large audiences. Some have applauded those triumphs of Worth, those gorgeous dresses and those gorgeous diamonds, and some have applauded her singing, and others—have wondered what it was all about, and some even wondered whether it was singing. One gentleman of the press said: "If, as is sometimes asserted, musical phrase is successful in proportion as it approximates the spoken phrase, then Miss Abbott must unquestionably rank among the highest of her profession, for she possesses that art in no ordinary degree." I don't know whether this gentleman intends this as a conundrum or whether he is simply subtilely and deliciously sarcastic. Had I written it I should have flattered myself that I had written a sentence that would intensely flatter the singer, and that would intensely amuse my friends and myself. For she does sing as if she spoke! She has some good high notes, but in her middle voice she has a way of "singing" that can hardly be described without irreverence towards the great American prima donna. An objectionable use of the chest voice is also apparent while all attempts at phrasing are nothing but jerky, disconnected impulses. I heard but little of the performances this week, but I wish to add a word of gratitude to Miss Annandale and Messrs. Allen, Pruette, and especially William Broderick for letting us hear *voices* occasionally. The chorus was well dressed, but oh! so screechy! But the orchestra was good, and was well handled by Mr. Carl Martens (not our own Carl.) It had a fine, mellow tone and played well.

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On Thursday evening, 3rd inst., the choir of the Church of the Redeemer held a Passion service of song, at which an impressive rendering of Sir John Stainer's Crucifixion was given under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch, with Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli at the organ. The solos were sung with taste and expression by Messrs. George Taylor and J. F. Thomson.

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Mrs. Murray Dickson, who has been for some time the leading soprano of Bond street Congregational church, has left for Boston and will continue her studies in that city. Her departure is regretted by both choir and congregation.

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Emma Juch and her excellent company will give us three nights of opera the week after next.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Writing about Irish plays last week set me thinking of the relative standing of different countries in their relation to dramatic art. The plays which are presented to the people of this continent—for we cannot dissever ourselves from the United States in the matter of theatricals—are of the most cosmopolitan nature and range. Leaving out of sight, however, all but the best and most legitimate plays, it seems to me that for some time past French plays, or plays the plots of which are stories of French life, have covered the greatest portion of the theatrical horizon. English plays have been fairly numerous. Ireland has not, as we know, been neglected; and more recently the native United States drama has been rearing to the sunlight of popular favor its blushing petals—a promising and vigorous growth. In this connection I have often thought it strange that plays of Scottish life and character should be so rare. Count all the Scottish plays that you know on your fingers and does it require more than one hand? What Boucicault has done for Ireland has not been done by anyone for the other branch of the Celtic race. And yet when one considers the stirring history of that country, the stormy, adventurous character of its people, the feuds of its clans, the contrast of peaceful domesticity, the picturesque element in the environment of wild mountain and sunny glen, as well as in costume, and, finally, the atmosphere of romance and poetry which have been flung about it by the magic of Scott, Burns, Campbell and hundreds of other writers of song and story, it seems as if the dramatic possibilities of all this were without limit. Even Shakespeare at his early day saw the value of and did not scorn to use a portion of Scottish history for dramatic purposes. When it is considered that the portion of Scottish history following his time has been replete with romance—the troubles of the '15 and the '45 and many others—and with the great example of the King of Dramatists, it is wonderful that this field has been almost entirely ignored.

Mr. O. B. Sheppard has given his patrons this week through the medium of the Emma Abbott Opera Company a choice repertoire of grand opera. As this belongs entirely to the domain of music it will be commented upon with judicial dignity and impartiality, by Brother Metronome in the next column.

About the time this column goes to press the curtain will be rising on Fernclift at the Academy of Music. This is one of the native American dramas, which deals with incidents connected with the Civil War. Judging from its success across the border, it seems to have in it the makings of a good play.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's the well known, sensational drama Dot has been running since Monday. Miss Florence J. Bindley, widely known in theatrical circles as "Baby" Bindley, is the star, with Mr. James Horne as leading man. With the exception of these two the company is composed entirely of new people, a number of whom do very fair work. The play is a western drama of the conventional type, lightened up here and there with spasmodic humor. Miss Bindley is exceedingly popular in her portrayal of the title *role*. The company is under the management of Mrs. Emma Frank, wife of Mr. Joseph Frank, local manager for Mr. Jacobs. Mrs. Frank is about the only successful lady manager in America.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Victoria Vokes has gone back to England.

M. Coquelin and his son have sailed for South America.

The McDowell company will begin a seven weeks' engagement here on May 19.

Mrs. Featherwait—I saw Jefferson and Florence last night.

Mrs. Quizzle—Saw The Rivals, eh?

Mrs. Featherwait—Oh, no! They played together.

An English actress says: "It is astonishing how much vim is put into an actress when she sees an opera glass steadily levelled at her. She invariably plays to the opera glass and plays her best. It has a sort of mesmeric effect on her."

Lately after four acts of William Tell had been sung at Reuil, France, the manager came in front of the curtain and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we shall not finish the performance, as the last act of this opera is not worthy of Rossini."

An unfledged reporter who was sent to a theatrical performance on Monday night, with instructions from the editor to write a notice of about two "sticks," returned at eleven o'clock with the remark that the stage was full of them.

It is related of Possart, the great German tragedian, that on one occasion he was permitted to play his favorite Manfred without cuts, just as Byron wrote it. After a while, so goes the story, the audience began to disperse and before the play was three quarters finished the theater was empty. But the undaunted actor was still vigorously declaiming to the deserted house. At this juncture the janitor came down the main aisle with a jingling bunch of keys, and with the remark: "Oh! Mr. Possart, when you are finished, will you kindly lock up the theater?" he also left the house.

A writer in the New York *Mirror* says: Lamentable it may be, but true it nevertheless is that the Gondoliers owes its second failure in this city largely to the fact that it has been religiously kept up to the Gilbert and Sullivan standard. Had Mr. Carte instructed his comedians to "gag" the text liberally; had he consented to vulgarize the performance by a plentiful infusion of "localisms;" had he procured for encore purposes a fine assortment of topical verses; had he encouraged the introduction of political allusions; had the actors been told to unbend, and throw in all the acrobatics and nonsense they could think of—it is possible that the opera would have met with a profitable degree of favor.

Art and Artists.

In last week's issue it was neglected to mention that the artistic and decidedly novel programme and menu card of the Battleford Column reunion was the production of Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co., by whose kindness SATURDAY NIGHT was permitted to use it.

On Tuesday evening the members of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club assembled at the Public Library, in response to an invitation from Mr. Bain, to inspect the art treasures and technical works on architecture which the library contains. The evening was both pleasantly and profitably spent by all who attended. At its conclusion a cordial vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Bain for his kindness and trouble. In reply Mr. Bain spoke of the inadequate facilities afforded at the present time for the study by the artists of those volumes, many of which are very bulky. He hoped that provision would soon be made to afford them more free and easy access to the books. The library contains a number of excellent works for architectural study.

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Our artists are busily preparing work for the Montreal exhibition, which opens early next month, and for the local exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which follows immediately after. From what I have seen already, there promises to be a marked advancement in the quality of the work to be shown this year, over that of former years. This shows that during the long days when the artists were buried in obscurity and silence, they were struggling faithfully and working well to transfer to the inanimate medium the spirit of the life which they witnessed around them. The public will now begin to remember that we still have some artists left with us and will come out to see what they have been doing since last May. They will find, I think, that they have worked faithfully despite the discouragements of a Canadian art career and that many of them have produced work which would entitle them in the greater art centers to very favorable consideration. It is to be hoped the time will soon come when some means will be devised to establish here closer relations and more sympathy between the public and the art world and when the artists will be recognized at their true value and not as more or less useless beings who spend valuable time making pictures for people to come and stare at once a year. We have not yet entirely got rid of that utilitarian spirit which looks upon art as a harmless amusement for idle hands. But if this is the proper idea of art the world has been long in discovering it. As a matter of fact it is a most narrow and, I might say, ignorant view of the value of the fine arts and the sooner it is dispelled from everyone's mind the better. It is an impossibility to exactly define the beneficial influences of art on the people of a country, but one has only to consult history to learn the prominent position given to it by all the most powerful and enlightened nations from the present time to remotest antiquity. If civilization is worth anything art is one of its most potent factors. Therefore it is for the best interests of our country that its artists should be regarded, like their pictures, in the proper light, and that their true value to the community should be understood.

VAN.

Varsity Chat.

Mr. A. P. Northwood, '91, convener of the English committee of the Modern Language Club, has issued a request for volunteers to take the essays on various specified authors next year. The topics, to each of which will be devoted one meeting of the association, are as follows: Canadian Literature, the Southern School of Fiction, Clough, Carlyle, Browning and the two Arnolds. Mr. A. M. Stewart, convener of the French Committee, has issued a similar list, containing the names of Pascal, the elder Dumas and others.

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Mr. Peter McArthur, '91, has resigned his position on the *Mail* staff and taken his departure to New York where he will find more lucrative employment for his marked literary talent. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his success. Meantime we are reflecting what is to become of the country when the best brain is being attracted to foreign parts. It seems quite natural for Canadians to make their way to New York.

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A meeting of the cricket club executive was held in Residence on Tuesday morning to arrange some matters of business and examine the season's prospects. The usual vain regrets are expressed at the loss of many of the stalwarts of the former year; doubtless the young blood will, however, be of the usual good quality. Given a few more days of fair weather and the lawn will be alive with the numerous sports.

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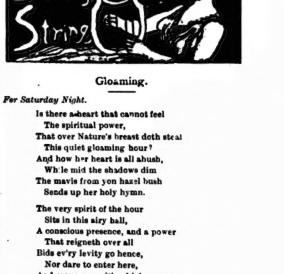
Arrangements have been made with the Ontario Medical Council for the use of their examination hall on Richmond street for the coming ordeal. It will scarcely be found to be quite so cool and comfortable as old Convocation Hall with its lamented ceiling.

NEMO.



Gloaming.

For Saturday Night.

Is there a heart that cannot feel
The spiritual power,
That over Nature's breast doth steal
This quiet gloaming hour?
And how her heart is all abush,
Why le mid the shadows dim
The mavis from yon hazel bush
Sends up her holy hymn.

The very spirit of the hour
Sits in this airy hall,
A conscious presence, and a power
That reigneth over all
Bids ev'ry levity go hence,
Nor dare to enter here,
And crows us with a higher sense
Than either eye or ear.

And willingly we ope' the door
To those mysterious powers,
So intimate with man of yore
In this strange world of ours;
An! lo! a holy sweet serene
Is hanging in the air,
While forms of reverential mien
Seem bending ev'ry where.

And elms transfor ed to temples green,
Our spell-bound spirit sees,
While voices from the world unseen
Are borne upon the breeze.
An! see! the gentle moon comes forth
And showers her mystic rays,
And holds entranced the wond'ring earth
In glorified amaze.

And soothes the spirit of the steep
That mingles with the din,
Of Corra's torrents* while they leap
Adown the roaring linn;
Yet what a stillness hangs above
The heavens and earth are blending!
With outspread wings, yes as a dove
Peace, blessed Peace! descending.

Away the heart instinctive flings
The spell of doubt that bound us,
The shadowy world, enchanted things!
Are gath'ring all around us;
They throw a spell round ev'ry place,
Make Death itself seem dear,
Robe Sorrow in a solemn grace
And draw the Heavens more near.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

* The Falls of Clyde.

Many a Slip.

For Saturday Night.

With sprightly step and whistle gay,
A youth went gleeful on his way.
Gaily he strid along the street,
The dear one of his heart to meet.

Now startleth he to sig'nt: "My love,"
When from the sad housetop above—

Ending the music's thrillful flow,
Crushing the love-torn youth, I trow—
Falleth about four tons of snow.

W.

The Lover's Song.

When winter hoar no longer holds
The young year in his grips,
And blasting voices fill the folds,
And blackbirds pair and pipe;
Then coax the maiden where the sap
Awakes the woodlands drear,
And pour sweet wildflowers in her lap,
And sweet words in her ear.

For Springtime is the season, sure,
Since Love's game first was p'ayed,
When tender thoughts begin to lure
The heart of April maid,
Of maid,
The heart of April maid.

When June is wreathed with wilding rose
And all the buds are blown,
And O, 'tis joy to dream and doze
In meadows newly mown;
Then take her where the grayling leaps,
And where the dabchick drives,
Or where the bees in clover reap
The harvest for their hives.

For Summer is the season when,
If you but know the way,
A maid that's kissed will kiss again,
Then pelt you with the hay,
The hay,
Then pelt you with the hay.

When sickles ply among the wheat
Then trundle home the sheaves,
And there's a rustling of the feet
Through early-fallen leaves;
Entice her where the orchard glows
With apples plump and tart,
And tell her plain the thing she knows,
And ask her for her heart.

For Autumn is the season, boy,
To gather what we sow;
If you be bold, she won't be coy,
Nor ever say you no,
Say no,
Nor ever say you no.

When woodmen clear the coppice lands,
And arch the hornbeam drive,
And stamp their feet, and chafe their hands,
To keep their blood alive;
Then lead her where, when vows are heard,
The church-bells peal and swing,
And, as the parson speaks the word,
Then on her clap the ring,

For Winter is a cheerless time
To live and work alone;
But what to him is snow or rime,
Who calls his love his own,
His own,
Who calls his love his own?

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Rather Unexpected.

Landlady—You have been making love to my daughter, and even gone so far as to give her a kiss. Pray what are your intentions?

Lodger—My intentions are never to do it again!

In Chicago.

Overheard between acts: "Ye see, I don't go much on music, but wife and Lena like it so I buy two seats and one standee; and they sit it out while I walk pro and con here in the cuspidor—or whatever you call it."

From the Nursery.

Dude (posing for a bold, bad man)—How does water taste, Miss Belasys?

Miss B.—You don't mean to say they've brought you up all this time on milk?—*The Jury.*

Noted People.

M. Wada of the Tokio Observatory reports 483 earthquake shocks in 1887.

Kate Field believes that "men and women are eternally equal and eternally different."

The Ameer of Afghanistan, it is said, is about to begin grape culture on an extensive scale, and has sent to Europe for experts to instruct him in the art.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is responsible for the statement that in ten years the franchise will be extended to women in every American state.

Professor Otto Struve has resigned the directorship of the Pulkowa Observatory, which he had held since 1864, when he succeeded his father, W. Struve.

Johann Strauss is credited with the statement that though his family have been writing dance music for three generations, not one of them could dance a step.

Dr. Nansen described lately at Christiana his plan for reaching the North Pole. He advocates the use of a ship with its sides built at such an angle that the ice would raise instead of crush it.

The Czar, upon receiving the report of a recent duel between officers in the army, said: "Duels in the army are absolutely necessary, and I desire that reports of such escapades shall not be brought to my notice."

Mrs. Jefferson Davis writes that her daughter, Mrs. I. A. Hayes of Colorado Springs, and her husband have changed their little son's name to Jefferson Hayes Davis, "so that there shall be one to bear the beloved and honored name of his own blood."

Mrs. Custer, author of Boots and Saddles, married a soldier and followed him wherever he went. They lived in all sorts of danger, discomfort and desolation, but took the whole thing as a kind of picnic and enjoyed it because they were picnicking together.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew disposes of the contents of his daily mail with the aid of his private secretary and two stenographers, one of whom is a negro. This man is said to be unusually competent, and to be treated with great respect not only by Mr. Depew, but by everybody with whom he comes in contact.

The Emperor of Austria has arranged to grant his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, an allowance of one hundred thousand dollars per annum on her marriage to Archduke Francis Salvator next autumn. She will also receive a dowry of three hundred thousand dollars from the state.

The new Duke of Aosta has the photographic hobby, but, as he is worth about six million dollars, he can afford to indulge it. They say he has long been the terror of the ladies of the royal household on account of his pocket camera, with which he would "get them" in situations or positions rather devoid of grace and repose.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, has been almost continually engaged in literary work since he was twelve years old. At this tender age the youngster got out a foot-square print. At twenty-six he was managing editor of *Scribner's* (now the *Century*), and in 1881 he succeeded Dr. Holland as editor-in-chief.

One of the dishes served at a banquet given in India to Prince Albert Victor was a pie with a tough indigestible-looking crust. When the pie was opened out flew a little bird. It is suggested that here is the origin of the nursery rhyme of the four and twenty black-birds, and that it may be typical of the liberation of prisoners during a royal visit.

The late Mr. George H. Boker, the Philadelphia poet, was pronounced in his youth by N. P. Willis, who spoke with authority, to be the handsomest man in America. His intimate friend, Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, says that the busts of Byron were remarkably like Boker, though Boker was the finer looking and in figure much more imposing.

Miss Julia Schreiner, the new beauty of New York fashionable society, is a niece of the late William Cullen Bryant. Her father was a German merchant in New York, but she has spent most of her life in Paris. She is an accomplished young woman, who paints well, sings well, embroilders well, and speaks several modern languages. She is six feet tall and beautifully proportioned.

Miss Harriet Ford, a graduate of the New Haven, Connecticut, high school, has taken the prize offered by the London edition of the New York *Herald* for the best poem of welcome to the hero of the hour, Henry M. Stanley. The prize poem will be printed upon satin, and presented to Mr. Stanley on his arrival in England. Miss Ford was the historian of her class in the New Haven High School.

The Empress Eugenie never attends the theater. Once, when on a visit to Queen Victoria, at Windsor, the young princesses, headed by Princess Beatrice, who is an amateur actress of a considerable degree of talent, got up a French play as a surprise for their guest. She sat it out unflinchingly, but the next day she begged the princess never to indulge in private theatricals any more while she was with them.

Sir Edwin Arnold, whose stay in Japan is lengthening into a residence there, and who has become more Japanese than the Mikado's court, expresses the belief that the Japanese women are "semi-angelic." He declares the race to be the most graceful nation in the world, and says that "their simple joy of life, their universal alacrity to please and be pleased, their most divine sweetness of disposition," make them models of dignified and elegant behavior above all other nations.

The Queen has placed it on record that the Emperor Napoleon III. once paid her a very pretty compliment respecting her ownership of that famous vessel, the Victoria and Albert. After His Majesty had seen Her Majesty on board, and gone into proper ecstacies over everything he had set eyes on in the way of ocean furniture, he rather intimated that the likes of himself could hardly afford such a boat (a good joke, this, as neither he nor the fair Eugenie ever spared expense), but "for you, Madame, it is different; you are the Queen of the Sea."

A Week in Cuba-- No. 8.

Santiago de Cuba is built upon ground sloping down to the water's edge and the street next the wharves is fully a thousand-fold more dilapidated than our Esplanade. It has a railway—a *ferro carrile* as they call it—ending near the slaughter-house. It is a beauty. No one appeared to know where the other end of it was or is. The interpreter said it ran out to the mines. The passenger cars standing on the siding were falling to pieces, and the whole plant looked like the agricultural implements we occasionally see in the fence corners of a slovenly farmer. When or where the truck was made one could never guess—it is probably the outfit with which the inventor of railways threatened to run over the "cows." Even on the Northern there is nothing like the *ferro carrile* rolling stock and the time card of the road is even a trifle worse, as the trains only start when the management gets ready. If the directorate is away getting a drink things have to wait till they get back.

The interpreter pointed out a building of the pavilion sort, i. e., a roof with no sides, like an immense band stand—and told us it was the place where in the festive old times prisoners were led out and shot. It is also the slaughter house where the indigestible Cuban bull is slain and made into beef. There is a very pretty story told of an American filibustering expedition captured in the harbor and condemned to take a walk to the slaughter house by the bloodthirsty Spanish Government, where at daylight they were to be salivated with lead. A little British sloop of war was in the harbor and the captain hearing of the brutal sentence sent word to the authorities that if it was carried out he would blow the city to blazes. He only had a couple of guns but the Spaniards thought the thing over and decided to postpone the killing indefinitely. As a piece of pluck and cheek it is said that the British Captain's bluff stands high in the memory of Santiago.

The park was the next point of interest after the slaughter house. It consists of three scrubby trees and a small desolate pavement, from which the idle wind was lifting the loose soil and transferring it to our capacious eyes and ears. I was asked to remonstrate with the interpreter; the company desired to be taken somewhere; in fact to be shown something. It was pointed out that I should tell the interpreter, whose knowledge of English began to shrink, that while we were hiring the hacks by the hour we did not have a week to spend in getting up town. The interpreter conveyed our meaning to the drivers who replied in effect that they were engaged by the hour not by the mile and had no intention of putting their valuable stock to death by furious driving. The procession continued to move slowly and sadly on, ample time being allowed to view the tired and lonesome trees of the park. Turning to the right we entered a narrow street—about twelve feet wide—with one story dwellings on each side, the houses forming the street line, such things as front gardens being unknown. The streets of Santiago de Cuba were built of stone blocks some three hundred years ago and as far as the eye can see have never been repaired. It would not be overstating the case to say that the life of the pavement has almost expired. The fact that the sewage of the city is conveyed over the pavement, or at least in the middle of the street where the pavement once was, may explain that some of the stone blocks have been washed out of place, leaving a channel some two or three feet deep. I said "washed" out of place, but that word scarcely expresses the idea, for there is no suggestion of washing about either the people or the street. The discrepancy in the pavement caused by the removal or wearing out of the stones is amply filled—to overflowing, in fact—with a mixture of bones, manure, dead dogs and other trifles in a state of solution. Portions of the pavement adjoining the houses remained out of water, and these were occupied by the people who probably lived in the adjacent houses. They were probably not expecting visitors, for they were not dressed—some of them not in the slightest. Young Cubans may feel very comfortable attired in the atmosphere of a Turk, a lusty lad arrives at the age of eight or nine without having been guilty of wearing a dud of any kind he becomes a rather surprising object to tourists. The drivers of the hacks endeavored to keep the wheels on one side out of the cesspool which occupied the center of the street, but the other wheels stirred up an odor which Mr. Housum declared would drive a buzzard off a dead horse. The ladies held their handkerchiefs to their insulted noses, and at the same time shut off a number of sights which came pretty near making me blush, but the naked boys and girls who stood gazing at us with undisguised interest made no effort to conceal themselves.

Up through Stinking street we made slow progress. A couple of men in half a day could have drained the whole alley into the lanes running down to the water, but the aldermen for that ward was evidently off his beat and had been for two generations. At last we struck a pavement which, at least, had the merit of being dry though somewhat uneven. By clinging to the seat and one another we managed to remain in the carriages which for some reason began to move much faster. The houses were higher and more cleanly, all the open windows protected by iron bars and many handsome ladies looked out as we bumped along. The residence of the governor was pointed out and Mrs. and Miss Governor looking very cool in their muslin gowns replied with a laugh to Dr. Rogers' exceedingly elaborate bow. The cathedral was introduced to us. It is very old and ugly, and the ground upon which it is built, is raised about ten feet above the level of the streets surrounding it, and is paved with brick, worn uneven and hideous. We had intended inspecting its interior, but the doors were closed. Those who have been inside say that the interior is just a trifle uglier than the outside, which is of a yellowish tint, faded by storm and sun into a brindle. We were shown the clubs for which Santiago is famous—four in number—at which the masculine wealth and culture gather every evening. They are commodious, cool and comfortable, the whole street front opening in doors and windows till the greatest possible publicity is obtained. Here the planters, merchants and officials drink rum, quarrel with one another and play cards every lawful evening, not excluding Sunday. There is much wealth in and around Santiago despite its filthy streets, but of its thirty-five thousand people probably less than five hundred are provided with more than one suit of clothes or a cigarette.

We wanted to get some money changed in readiness to pay the hackmen, so were driven to a restaurant, where in very handsome rooms the ladies partook of refreshments which they never saw before and probably do not care to see again. We tried to pay the bill with English money left over from Nassau but the clerk was unwilling to take it. After twenty minutes of search the proprietor was found at his club and also refused to touch British coin or pound notes. An American bill was then proffered, but he had his suspicions of its genuineness and refused. Yankee gold was then produced and he investigated his till and found there wasn't enough change in the house to break a twenty dollar coin. He was told that we would have to go away without paying our bill unless he got the change. He said he relied upon the police to prevent that, and we immediately took up a collection which resulted in enough to pay him and probably the hackmen. Other cafes were tried with a similar result and we wound up our excursion by visiting the vilest smelling market on earth and having a final row with the drivers. I offered to pay them according to my own calculation and they spurned the amount. Mr. Orrin also took a hand and during the progress of the debate our party had packed themselves in the boats. Finally the money had to be taken or we would leave without paying anything. It was accepted. Then the interpreter, who had been a screaming farce throughout, presented a bill for five dollars. I asked him how he made it up: "Fifty cents an hour per carriage." I insisted that it was fifty cents a hour straight, that he couldn't interpret for anybody, but even if he could it was impossible for him to do so for people who were hundreds of feet away from him. "I haf guide ze hola of ze senor and senora." Yes, I said, you have guyed the "hola of ze senor and senora and here is a dollar." I pressed it into his unwashed fist and limped into the boat, followed by the execrations of the half starved and miserable gang who had made more out of us in two hours than they were used to earning in a week.

The "bad nigger" was in a better humor, comforted perhaps by the idea that no one was getting rich out of us. Or perhaps he had been drinking! He was seated at some distance from me and I could not be sure whether it was gin, onions and polecat or rum, onions and polecat which made his breath so fragrant, at any rate, onions and wild animals of some sort were there. He was aware that I could only understand a portion, a small portion of what he said, but I steadily interpreted his entire remarks to my companions. If he happened to glance at the severe and cultured lady from New England, I told her he was making enquiries as to her age and saying he had heard that the women of the United States looked fairly young and fresh until they were eighty or a hundred years old. This of course should have pleased her but it didn't, and the way she glared at him made him feel that something was wrong. During one of his orations the "bad nigger's" eye was fixed on Mr. Housum of Decatur. I thereupon translated a number of personal remarks concerning Mr. H.'s complexion, and enquiries as to whether he was of sound mind. In this harmless way I beguiled the half hour's trip back to the steamer. I had suffered enough as interpreter to have some fun out of it and if I remember right I got my share.

When we got on deck and I had obtained some change from the purser I paid our boatman the minimum fee and he kicked, but I didn't wait to hear all he said. If the chief engineer conveyed the "bad nigger's" message without embellishment, I had a picnic waiting for me if I went back to Santiago next morning. But I didn't go. I had had enough Santiago in mine and as I watched the sharks sporting around the steamer after dinner I wondered if those hack-drivers and footmen weren't a cross between the man-eater and the African—they certainly act like it.

Talking about sharks, Santiago bay is full of them. While Dr. Rogers and his family were being rowed ashore by the other boatmen little Aleck was paddling his hand in the water, when one of the rowers dropped his oars and snatched the little fellow's hand away, explaining by signs that the sharks were even bold enough to snap at a hand or foot dangled from the side of the boat. It was a glorious night we spent at anchor in the bay. The lights of the city set upon a hill of fish gleamed across the water, and one could scarcely believe that the town robed in the romance of the night and crowned by the mysterious glory of moon and star-light was one in which we had held our noses to escape asphyxiation. Little boats with their lanterns passed to and fro; the ships lying in the offing were dim and uncertain of outline; the cries of the boatmen strange and almost uncanny, but the greatest sight of all was the sharks at the steamer's stern. Instinct seems to tell them that anything they may expect will come to those who lie astern, and they disported themselves gally while waiting for some one to fall overboard. Their graceful curves were outlined as the phosporescent water gleamed on their sinuous backs; and the despondent gentleman who felt that he had nobody to love him, and had been talking so enthusiastically of suicide as a relief from the ills which bear so heavily upon us, shuddered as he watched them, and shivering, straightened himself up, bought a lone drink and hurried away to bed.

DON.

Stage Proposals.

Many Toronto people will remember Miss Emma Sheridan, a bright young actress who supported Mr. Keene when here last season. Miss Sheridan is as clever with the pen as she is on the stage, and has been writing in the New York Sun about stage proposals: "They say that: 'stage is to hold the mirror up to nature,' she said. "I wonder how many men who have six or eight times reached the climax of courtship, and who remember anything about what they did upon those occasions, can go to the theater, gaze upon the mirror that the stage holds up, and flatter themselves they see their own reflection. The glib stage lover, supplied with moving lines, rendered secure by rehearsals, buoyed up by recognizances of everything the lady will do and say, glibly pours into that lady's ear the tale of his love. What real lover's tongue ever wagged a like tale so fluently? The stage lover proposal always sustains the character as framed by the author and testified to by the rest of the play. The real man at such a crisis is inspired to belie in his action every trait his mother gave to him. On the stage the brisk, cheery, self-confident young man makes a brisk, cheery, self-confident proposal. In real life he finds himself reduced to stammering idiocy and hopeless self-contempt. On the stage the hard, practical business man makes a hard, practical business proposal. In real life he drops into poetry and perspiration. The rough-diamond lover on the stage gets off his pretty speech, the girl meanwhile sitting on a fallen tree, with her eyes on the ground and high-heeled shoes on her feet.

"'Nell,' he says, 'I'm only a poor, rough fellow, I know — not fit for a bit of thistle down like you. I won't blame you for turning me away. I only expect that; but it isn't going to hurt you, Nell, to let me say before I go that—I—I love you, Nell—as dear as the grapes that hang there over the cottage door (points off O.P.) love the sunshine that brings the purple to their coats and the wine to their hearts.'

"There is something off-hand, poetic-like in that, and you think what a splendid, honest fellow he is. The tears come to your eyes as he turns away, and you feel glad when the girl says shyly, 'Don't go, Ben.' With a sob, he faces her, saying, 'Nell, do you mean it? You'd go nigh to break my heart if—' and she puts out her hand and—you know how it is done on the stage. In real life Ben doesn't know what is the matter with him. When his time comes his girl has to help him. He is perhaps, as big-hearted and honest as Ben on the stage, but he can't prove it by talking of grapes and sunshine. But, if you like him, he is just as effective (to you—and off the stage) when he says: 'Say, Katie, I can't stand this any more. I——. Oh, don't look as if you didn't know what I mean, for I don't know—I,' and then you put out your hand, and—you know how it is done off the stage.

"Oh, things do get turned right side left when they are reflected in a mirror," the actress added, "and a good deal of that happens in the stage mirror about proposals."

The Penalty of Publicity.

In this day of sensation and nonsense there is little that may remain sacred in the life of an actress. It may be that she has never worn tights, but the good natured feminine reporter is content to compromise on stockings. And if, in her innocence and the course of a seemingly friendly chat, the actress mentions a preference in color, ten to one that preference will figure importantly in the printed interview next morning.

It is true that there is a number of pushing and enterprising and, maybe, successful women on the stage who regard anything which can bring their names before the public as good advertisement. On the other hand, there are quite as many women on the stage who entertain as natural an abhorrence for the vulgar as do the most rigorously-bred young ladies who enter the field of social life straight from the guarded walls of the Sacre Coeur.

If an actress would avoid injustice and misrepresentation, she must live a life equal in social obscurity to that of the nun, maintaining an absolute silence in her relations with the outside world and expressing her views exclusively to her priestly confessor.

I wonder if the world knows that there is much that is distasteful in even the simplest social intercourse which the popular and respected actress is supposed to enjoy?

When she enters a reception room everybody stops talking, and she is looked at in precisely the same manner in which we were wont to regard the late lamented spouse of the honorable Mr. Crowley.

At that supreme moment, if the actress is a woman of good sense and healthy conscience, two things trouble her: in the first place, she objects to being an object of curiosity, however ingenuous that curiosity may be; and secondly, she probably knows perfectly well that neither her gifts nor her intellect are of a nature so extraordinary as to warrant such marked attention.

It possibly may be that she is surrounded by many women of equal and perhaps superior ability in other fields of artistic achievement, and while noting the utter absence of sensation in their presence, she is forced to the humiliating conclusion that her physical appearance behind the footlights has more to do with the distinguished consideration with which she is honored than has any ability she may possess.

I happened not long ago to be present when a woman, an actress, came to our gifted orator, Colonel Ingersoll, with a newspaper in her hand.

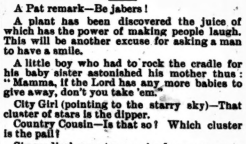
This newspaper contained a column of lies, written and invented by the Lord knows who, which reflected seriously upon the good character of the actress. She wanted redress, and asked how she could obtain it. The great lawyer read the article carefully, and after a minute, glanced up with twinkling eyes.

"My dear Miss ——," said he, "this is praise, comparatively. You see, you are a public character, and you must bear the consequences. If one would be truly comfortable always, one must live one's life in the twilight of obscurity."

—*Eclipse, in The Dramatic Mirror.*

A Paradox. Of Two Evils—

THE LESS



THE GREATER

Froth.

A Pat remark—Be jabers!

A plant has been discovered the juice of which has the power of making people laugh. This will be another excuse for asking a man to have a smile.

A little boy who had to rock the cradle for his baby sister astonished his mother thus: "Mamma, if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

City Girl (pointing to the starry sky)—That cluster of stars is the dipper.

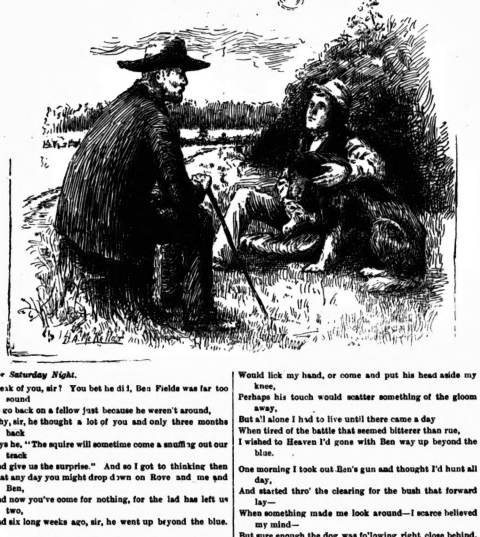
Country Cousin—Is that so? Which cluster is the pail?

Six medical experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled for a week, it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person.

The latest thing from London is that a weekly paper is to be started under the name of *Venus*, which is to be devoted exclusively to the enumeration of the personal charms of such ladies as will pay handsomely for it.

A clergyman who recently held services in a prison preached from the text, "Go home to thy friends"; and for once in their sin-stained, crime-haunted lives the audience expressed a desire to follow a good man's advice.

WE THREE



F ← Saturday Night.

Speak of you, sir? You bet he did, Ben Fields was far too sound
To go back on a fellow just because he weren't around,
Why, sir, he thought a lot of you and only three months back
Says he, "The squire will sometime come a snuffing out our track
And give us the surprise." And so I got to thinking then
That any day you might drop down on Rove and me and Ben,
And now you're come for nothing, for the lad has left us two,
And six long weeks ago, sir, he went up beyond the blue.

Who's Rove? Oh, he's the collie and the only thing on earth
That I will ever love again. Why, squire, that dog is worth
More than you ever handled and that's quite a lot I know—
Ah, there the beggar is—come here you scalawag and show
Your broken leg all bandaged up—Yes, sir, it's pretty sore—
I did it—curse me—and I think I feel the pain far more
Than him—for somehow I just feel as if I'd been unkrue
To what my brother said before he went beyond the blue.

You see the day before he died he says to me, "Say Ned,
Be sure you take good care of poor old Rover when I'm dead,
And maybe he will cheer your lonesome hours up a bit,
And when he takes to you just see that you're deserving it—"
Well, squire, it wasn't any use, I tried but couldn't get
The friendship of that collie, for I needed it, you bet—
I might as well have tried to bring the moon to help me through—
For Rover's heart had gone with Ben way up beyond the blue.

He never seemed to take to me nor follow me about—
For all I coaxed and petted, for my heart was starving out
For want of some companionship—I thought if only he
Would lick my hand, or come and put his head aside my knee,
Perhaps his touch would scatter something of the gloom away,
But a'l alone I had to live until there came a day
When tired of the battle that seemed bitterer than rue,
I wished to Heaven I'd gone with Ben way up beyond the blue.

One morning I took out Ben's gun and thought I'd hunt all day,
And started thro' the clearing for the bush that forward lay—
When something made me look around—I scarce believed my mind—
But sure enough the dog was fo'lowing right close behind,
A feeling first of joy—and then a sharper, greater one
Of anger came, as I thought how that not to be Ben's old gun
That Rove was after—well, sir, I just don't mind telling you
But I forgot that moment Ben was up beyond the blue.

Perhaps it was but jealousy—perhaps it was despair—
But I just struck him with the gun and broke the bone right there
And then—my very throat seemed choked for he began to whine
With pain, God knows how tenderly I took that dog of mine
Up in my arms, and tore my old red kerchief into bands
To bind the broken leg—while there he lay and licked my hands,
And tho' I cursed my soul it was the brightest day I knew,
Or even cared to live, since Ben went up beyond the blue.

I tell you, squire, I nursed him just as gently as could be,
And now I'm all the world to him, and he's the world to me—
Look, sir, at that big noble soul, right in his faithful eyes—
The square, forgiving honesty that deep down in them lies—
Eh, squire? What's that you say? He's got no soul? I tell you then
He's grander and he's truer than the mass of what's called men,
And I know he stands a better chance than many of them do,
Of seeing Ben some day again way up beyond the blue.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Cynthia, unconscious of the plots of which she was at present the innocent victim, meanwhile contending with a sensation of profound discouragement, mental and physical. She had a severe headache, and was deeply depressed in spirits. She had lain awake almost entirely for two nights trying to reconcile her ideal of Hubert with the few words that had escaped him—words which pointed to a darker knowledge, a deadlier guilt than any which her love could of itself have attributed to him. Had he known then all the time that her father was not a murderer? Was her father's theory correct? Had he been screening his sister at the poor workingman's expense? Cynthia's blood ran cold at the thought, for, in that case, what side was she to take? She could not abandon her father—she might abandon Hubert; but, strange mystery of a woman's heart, she could not love him less. What she could do she knew not. For Enid's sake indeed she had set him free; but in the hour of her anguish she questioned her right to do so; for surely, if he knew more of the manner of Sydney Vane's death than the world knew, there was even a greater barrier between him and Enid than between him and Cynthia herself. Enid would be miserable; Cynthia felt sure of that; and, if she gave him up too, he would be indeed alone. The world might say that he deserved his loneliness; but she could not take the world's view. To her the man that she loved was sacred; his faults were to be screened, his crimes forgiven. Whatever he did, she could never cease to love him. So she said to herself; but, after all, her hour of trial had not come; she did not know as yet all that Hubert Lepel had done.

She had seen Hubert leave her with a sensation of the deepest dismay. She felt that a crisis had come and gone, and that in some way she had failed to turn it to the best account. In spite of her expressed resolve to see Hubert no more, she was disappointed that he did not return to her. She expected to see him on the following day—to remark his face at a concert where she was to sing on the Wednesday evening. He had left her on a Tuesday; she was sure that she would get a letter from him on Thursday. But Thursday was almost over, and she had not heard from him. Had he resolved to give her up? Was he ill? Why had she not heard a word from him since Tuesday? She racked her brain to discover a cause for his silence, and than her own wild appeal to him; for she did not believe that that alone would suffice to keep him away. But it was all in vain.

Another source of anxiety for her lay in the fact that she had also not heard from her father since Tuesday morning. She did not know whether he had left Mrs. Gunn's house or not, and did not like to risk the sending of a letter. That he trusted far too much to his disguise Cynthia was well aware; but nervousness made her sometimes quiver all over with positive fright when she thought of it. He was running a terrible risk—and for what cause? At first, simply because he wanted to see his daughter; now because he fancied that she had found a clue to the mystery of Sydney Vane—a slight, faint, elusive clue, but one which seemed to him worth following up. And Cynthia, who at first had hesitated to leave England, would now have been glad to start with him at once, if only she could get him away. She began to fear that he would stay at any risk.

"You are losing your beauty, child," Madame della Scala had discontentedly said to her that morning at breakfast time. "You have grown ten years older in the last week. And it is the height of the season, and you have dozens of engagements! To-night, now, you sing at Lady Beauclerc's—do you not?"

"Yes, madame; but I shall be all right by that time. I have a headache this morning."

"You are too white, child, and your eyes are heavy. It does not suit your style for the moneles. You had better get my maid to attend to you before you go out to-night. She is inconparable at complexions."

"Thank you—I shall not need rouge when I begin to sing," said Cynthia, laughing rather joylessly; "the color will come of itself."

"I know one who always used to bring it," said madame, casting a sharp glance at the girl's pale face. "He had it in his pocket, I suppose, or at the tips of his fingers—and I never saw it fall with you. Where is the magician gone, Cynthia *mia?* Where is Mr. Lepel—*ce bel homme* who brought the rouge in his pocket? Why, the very mention of his name does wonders! The beautiful red color is back again now!"

"I do not know where Mr. Lepel is," said Cynthia, wishing heartily that her cheeks would betray her.

"You have not quarreled?"

"I do not know, madame."

"Ah, then, you have! But you are a very silly child, and ought to know better after all that you have gone through. Quarreling with Mr. Lepel means quarreling with your bread and butter, as you English people term it. Why not keep on good terms with him until your training, at any rate, is complete?"

Cynthia raised her dark eyes, with a new light in them.

"I am to be friendly with him as long as I need his help? Is that it, Madame? I do not quite agree with you; and I think the time has come when I must be independent of him."

"Independent! What can you do?" said Madame, throwing up her hands. "A baby like you—with that face and that voice! I want very careful guarding, my dear, or you will spoil your career. You must not think of independence for the next ten years."

Cynthia meditated a little. She did not want to tell Madame della Scala, who was a common chatterer, that she thought of going to America; and yet, knowing that her departure would probably be sudden and secret, she did not want to omit the opportunity of saying a few necessary words.

"If I took any steps of which you did not approve, dear Madame, I hope that you would forgive me and believe that I was truly grateful to you for all your kindness to me."

"What does that mean?" said madame shrewdly. "Are you going to be married, *cara mia?* Is an elopement in store for us? *Dio mio*, there will be a fine fuss about it in the newspapers if you do anything extraordinary! You are becoming the fashion, my dear, as they say in England; and, when you are the fashion, your success is assured."

"I am not going to do anything extraordinary," said Cynthia, forcing a smile, "and I do not mean to elope with anybody, dear madame; I only wanted to thank you for all that you have done for me. And now I must practice for this evening. Perhaps music will do my headache good."

But, even if music benefited her head, it did not raise her spirits. Each time that the postman's knock vibrated through the house her heart beat so violently that she was obliged to pause in her singing until she had recaptured her breath. No letter had come for her. No letter—no message from either Hubert or her father—what did this silence mean?

The day wore on drearily. She would not go out, much to madame's vexation; she practised, she tried to read, she looked at her dresses—she tried all the usual feminine arts for passing time, going so far even as to take up some needlework, which she generally detested, but, in spite of all, the day was cruelly long and blank. She dined early in the afternoon, as she was going to sing that evening, and it was about seven o'clock that she resolved to go and dress for the party to which she was bound, saying to herself that all hope was over for that day—that she was not likely to hear from Hubert Lepel that night.

Just as she was going upstairs a knock came to the door. She lingered on the landing, wondering whether any visitor came for her, and if it was with a great leap of the heart that she heard her own name mentioned and saw the maid running up the stairs to overtake her before she reached her room.

"It's Jenkins—Mr. Lepel's man, miss," said Mary breathlessly; "and he wants to know if he can speak to you for a moment."

Cynthia was halfway downstairs before the sentence was out of the girl's mouth. Jenkins was standing in the hall, looking as pale-faced as ever, and looking fellow, and, although he had spoken flippantly enough to Sabina Meldreth of his master's friendship for Hubert, he had a genuine admiration for her. Cynthia had won his heart by kindly words and looks; she had found out that he had a wife and some young children, and had made inquiries about them and visited the new baby in her own inimitably frank, gracious, friendly way; and Jenkins was secretly of opinion that his master could not do better than marry Miss Cynthia West, although he was but a singer after all. He spoke to her with an air of deprecation.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I thought that I'd better come and tell you about Mr. Lepel."

"Have you a message—a note?" cried Cynthia eagerly.

"No, ma'am. Mr. Lepel's not able to write, nor to send messages. Mr. Lepel's ill in bed, ma'am, and the doctor's afraid that it is brain fever."

Cynthia gasped a little.

"I thought he—he must be ill," she said, rather to herself than to Jenkins, who, however, heard, and was struck with sympathetic emotion immediately.

"I thought you'd think so, ma'am; and therefore I made so bold as to look round," he said respectfully. "He's not been himself, so to speak, for the last few days; and, when his sister—Mrs. Vane—was up from Beechfield to see him, he seemed tired of course; and Mrs. Vane she sent me for a doctor."

"Is Mrs. Vane with him now then?" Cynthia asked quickly.

"No, ma'am. She did not stop long; but I expect that she'll be round either to-night or to-morrow morning."

"And is Mr. Lepel to have nobody to nurse him?" asked Cynthia indignantly.

"There's my wife, ma'am, who is used to nursing; and, if he wants more than one, a trained nurse can be sent for. I thought you would like to know, ma'am. I've been talking to the landlady, and she's quite agreeable for my wife to come in and help to wait on Mr. Lepel. She's there now."

"I am very much obliged to you for coming, Jenkins, ma'am."

"I thought, ma'am," continued Jenkins, "that, if ever you was passing that way, you might like to look in maybe to ask after Mr. Lepel, you know. If you was good enough always to ask for my wife, you see, ma'am, she could tell you how my master was, or any news about him."

Cynthia grasped the situation at once, and felt her face flush as she listened to the man's awkward kindly words. Evidently Jenkins knew that she was unacquainted with Mr. Lepel's family, and was trying to save her from the unpleasantness of meeting any of them unexpectedly. The thought gave her a moment's bitter humiliation; then she saw the kindliness of the motive and felt a throb of gratitude.

"It is very good of you to tell me that, Jenkins," she said, frankly putting out her hand to him, "and I am very much obliged to you. I shall come to-morrow; it is impossible for me to come to-night."

Jenkins was not accustomed to have his hand shaken by those whom he served, and Cynthia's action embarrassed him considerably. He was glad when she went on to ask a question.

"Do you think that Mr. Lepel is very ill—very ill?" There was a pathetic tremor in her voice.

"Well, ma'am, he don't know nothing; he lies there and talks to himself—that's all."

"He is unconscious! Oh!" cried Cynthia, as if the words had given her a stab of pain. "Does he talk about any one—anything?" she asked, wistfully.

"We can't tell much of what he says, ma'am. But I think he was anxious to see you. He kep' on sending messages to you; and that's partly why I come round this evening."

Cynthia wrung her hands.

"And I can't go—at least to-night; and I must—I must!"

"Don't take on, ma'am," said Jenkins, evidently much moved by her distress. "I wouldn't trouble about to-night if I was you. Mrs. Vane may be there again, or the general, and a host of folks. It would only bother them, and do my master no good, if you went to-night. To-morrow morning'll be the time. And now I must be going; for I could only get away while my wife was there, and she wanted to get back to the children by nine o'clock."

So Jenkins took his leave, and Cynthia went up to her room to dress for her party.

What a mockery it seemed to her to don her pretty frock, her ornaments, her flowers—to see herself a radiant vision of youth and loveliness in her mirror—while all the time her heart was bleeding for her lover's suffering, and he lay tossing upon a bed of sickness calling vainly upon her name! If she could have done so without injury to others, she would have relinquished her engagements and sought his bedside at once. But—fortunately perhaps—she was bound, for many reasons, to sing at Lady Beauclerc's party. Madame della Scala and others would be injured in reputation, if not in pocket, should she fail to appear. And, although she would not hesitate to injure her own interests, she could not sacrifice those of her friends even for the sake of her love.

She was said never to have looked so brilliant or sung so magnificently before. There was a new strange touch of pathos in her eyes and voice—something that stirred the hearts of those who heard. The new vibration in her voice was put down to genius by her audience, and not by any means to emotion.

"That girl will equal Patti if she goes on like this," said one musical amateur to another that evening.

"But she won't go on like this," his friend replied. "She'll marry or break down or something; she won't last; she won't be tied down to a professional life—that's my prophecy. She'll bolt!"

The amateur laughed him to scorn. But he had reason to alter his tone when some years later his friend quoted Sibyl's prophecy, and coupled it with the information that Cynthia West's last appearance as a singer had been at Lady Beauclerc's party. She never sang in public again.

But she had no idea, during the evening in question, that it was absolutely her last appearance. Her mind had never been so much set on a professional career as it was just then. She meant to go to America with her father certainly, but to take engagements as a vocalist in the states. That she was at all likely to cease work so suddenly and so soon never once occurred to her.

She was glad when the evening was over—glad to get back to her own quiet room and to lay certain plans for the morrow. She would go to Hubert in the morning—not to stay of course, but to see whether he was well nursed and tended; and she would take with her the ornaments that he had presented to her and which she had meant to give back. She would get Mrs. Jenkins to put them away for her in some safe drawer or box; and, when he was better, he would find them and understand. She would accept nothing more from his hands. Yes, with all her pride and her sense of injured dignity, she wept half the night at the thought that he was suffering and that she could do nothing to alleviate his pain.

She set off the next morning, between nine and ten o'clock, with a little black bag in her hand. It was larger than she needed it to be for mere conveyance of the jewelry which she wanted to restore; but she meant to fill it with fruit—black tempting grapes and red checked hot house peaches—for the invalid before she reached the house. She left word with Mary that she did not know when she would return, and that Madame was not to wait luncheon or dinner on her account. This message, and the fact of her carrying what a bag, led some persons to believe that she was acting a part in a long premeditated scheme when she left Madame della Scala's house that morning. But no scheme was present in any shape or form to Cynthia's mind.

She did not at once see a hansom, and therefore she walked for a few yards along the broad pavement of the Bayswater Road, where at that hour not many passers-by were to be encountered. And here, to her great surprise, she met her father—but a father so changed, so utterly transformed in appearance, that she would not have known him but for his voice. He wore a beard that had never seen before and a tall hat; he had got rid of the white hair and beard; and had even shaved off the moustache, which he remarked had lared, resolute-looking man, more refined, but decidedly more commonplace, than he had been before. This man would pass easily in a crowd; people used to stop and gaze after Reuben Dare.

"Oh, I am so thankful—so glad!" cried Cynthia, when the mingled feelings of the chase burst upon her. "Nobody would recognize you now, father; your own face is a greater disguise than any amount of money or hair. What made you alter yourself in this way?"

"Cynthia," said her father, drawing her into a quiet little side street and speaking in low, earnest tones, "I have to tell you that I wish I had taken your advice earlier. That woman Meldreth suspects me. For aught I know, I am already watched and followed. There is not a moment to lose. If I mean to escape, I'd better get out of the country as fast as I can—or find some snug corner where I can lie close until they have left off looking for me. There is a cab—a four wheeler. Let us get into that, and we can talk as we go. I don't see any use in continuing to be dragging me at present. Where were you going?"

"I will go wherever you go, father," said Cynthia.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Westwood was silent until he found himself with his daughter inside the cab.

"Where did you tell him to go?" he then asked of her.

"To St. Pancras station. I thought that we could more easily evade watchers at a big railway station than anywhere else."

"They will watch the stations," said the man. "I may have got the start, and I may not. The stations are beset, I am."

"Let the man drive on for a few minutes while you tell me the reason why you think you are watched," said Cynthia, suspecting panic; "he cannot be going far out of the way, and, if we change our minds, we can tell him so presently."

"Well," said Westwood, evidently recovering nerve and self-possession under the influence of his daughter's calmer manner and speaking in an easier tone, "it's that woman Meldreth—she is a spy. Who do you think came to her house yesterday but Mrs. Vane! The very woman who has most reason to dread me and to wish to get me shut up in prison, if my idea of her is true! I think she wanted to see me with her own eyes. She looked at me as if she would read me through and through."

"Where did you meet her, father?"

"In the street. I was asked to show her Mrs. Gunn's house. I'd expected to meet, of course, but it gave us an opportunity of looking at each other."

"Did you go back to the house after that?"

"Yes, I did, my girl, because I had left my portmanteau there with papers and money, without which I should soon be in 'Queer street.' Yes, I went back, and found Mrs. Vane gone. But the landlady had made a queer look about her, and I suspected what she was about, though I don't know that I could have balked her but for my portmanteau. Sleeping-stuff don't have no effect on me, my dear—it never had. They tried it in the prison when I was there at first and couldn't sleep for thinking of the times I had the open fields and my own little girl—and it nearly drove me mad. Sabina Meldreth gave me some sleeping-stuff in my tea last night."

"What for, father?"

"That's what I wanted to know. When I felt the old pricks and twitchings beginning, I pretended to be very sleepy, and I lay down on the sofa and went off, as she thought, into a deep slumber. Presently she came in, and—what do you think, Cynthia?—she began to examine my hair and beard! Of course she soon saw that it would come off; and then she laughed a little to herself, and spoke aloud for this job,' she said—'and more perhaps afterwards. I wonder what Mrs. Vane's up to now? I'll be off to her first thing in the morning. It's somebody she's got a spite against, I'll be bound!' And then she went away and left me alone, having done her work."

"So that you came away?"

"Not immediate, my girl. I was off at five o'clock this morning. I got shaved at a little place in Gray's Inn Road—after disposing of my wig and beard elsewhere, you know; and I bought this rig-out at two different places in Holborn. Then I breakfasted at a coffee-stall and came on to Paddington. Mrs. Vane's found out that I've gone by now—if indeed so soon—unless they have found it out accidentally like."

"The woman—Meldreth is her name!—would not know what to do without consulting Mrs. Vane first, would she?"

"No. And then we don't know where Mrs. Vane is—she may have been in the house all the time for aught we know."

"I think she would," Cynthia decisively. "She would have come herself to look at you when Miss Meldreth was examining your hair if she had been in the house."

"Well, perhaps she would. You've got a head on your shoulders, Cynthia—that you have! Miss Meldreth would have to get Mrs. Vane and tell her this morning, as you said; then Mrs. Vane would let the police know. That gives us till about eleven or twelve o'clock."

"Two hours' start. Is not that sufficient?"

Westwood shook his head.

"The first thing they will do is to telegraph to all the ports."

"But you look so different now, father! And I can make myself look quite different too."

"Yes, I dare say. But you don't suppose I am going to let you come with me?"

"Oh, yes, father dear. I cannot leave you now!"

"It would be madness, Cynthia. You are well known, and you would be too easily recognized. Everybody turns to look at a handsome girl like you."

"If you can disguise yourself, so can I."

"We have not time for that. Besides, why do you want to leave England so soon and so suddenly?"

"Oh, I don't—I don't!" said Cynthia, suddenly trembling and clinging to him. "Only I can't bear the idea of your being without me now when you are in danger."

"I can send for you, my lass, when I am safe. You will come then?"

"Yes, father."

"You'll come straight, without waiting for any good-byes or to tell any one where you are going?"

"Yes, father—unless——"

"Well? Unless what?"

"Father, Mr. Lepel is very ill. They say that he has brain fever. If he were dying, you would let me wait to say good-bye to him!"

She had put her hand through his arm, and was leaning against his shoulder. Her father looked at her sideways, with a rough pity mingled with admiration.

"Were you going to him now, Cynthia?"

"Yes, father."

"I've interrupted you. It's hard on you to have a father like me although he is an innocent man."

"I honor my father and I love him!" was Cynthia's swift response. "My greatest grief that he cannot be near me always."

There was a silence; the cab had quitted the smoother roads and entered on a course of cobbles—and it was difficult to speak so as to be heard; but Westwood raised his voice.

"Cynthia!"

"Yes, father."

"It seems to me that you need watching over as much as ever you did when you was a little baby-girl. I don't see why you should be abandoned to your need any more than you're willing to abandon me. If I can be any sort of help to you, I won't try to abandon you at all. I can hide away somewhere no doubt as other folks have done. There are places at the East End where no one would notice me. Shall I stay, Cynthia?"

"Dear father! No, you will be no help to me—no comfort—if you are in danger!"

He put his arm around her and pressed her close to him; but he did not speak again until they reached the station. The streets were noisy and conversation was well-nigh impossible. When they got out, Cynthia paid the cabman and dismissed him. Her father walked forward, glancing round him suspiciously-as he went. It was a quarter to eleven o'clock. Cynthia joined him in a dark corner of the great entrance hall.

"I will take your ticket," she said. "Where will you go?"

Westwood hesitated for a moment.

"It's not safe, Cynthia. I will not go at all. I should only be arrested at the other end. I am sure of it. I'll tell you what we will do. You may go and take a ticket for Liverpool and bring it to me—in full view of that policeman there, who is eyeing us so suspiciously. Then you must say 'Good-bye' and walk straight out of the station. I will mingle with the crowd on the platform; but I will not go by train—I'll slip eastward and lose myself in Whitechapel. I've made up my mind—I don't start for Liverpool to-day."

"Perhaps you are right," said Cynthia, in a faltering voice. "But how shall I know where you are?"

"Better for you not to know, my dear. I shall put them off the scent in this way, and you will have no idea what has become of me. You get my ticket and say good-bye—as affectionate and as public as you like. It will all tell in the long run; that bobby has his eye on us."

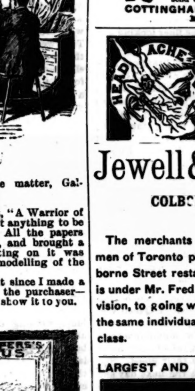
Cynthia did as she was desired. Her father kissed her pale agitated face several times, and made his adieux rather unnecessarily conspicuous. Then Cynthia stood watching and her father made his way to the platform, where he mingled with the crowd, and finally got away by another door, and turned his face towards the illimitable east of London.

Cynthia did not take a cab again. It was a relief to her to walk, and she was in a neighborhood that she knew very well. She turned into Euston Square, then down Woburn Place and through Tavistock Square to Russell Square. She could not stay away from Hubert any longer.

She knew the house—it was the place to which she had come one autumn day when Mr. Lepel wanted to hear her sing. She had never been there since. The square looked strangely different to her; the trees in the garden, in spite of their green livery, gave no beauty to the scene. It was as cheerless and as dark as it had been on the cold autumnal morning. Her mind was shaken from her fate from the critic's lips; and yet the sun was shining now, and the sky overhead was blue. But Cynthia's heart was sadder than it had been in the days of her friendlessness and poverty.

(To be continued.)

Another of Gallagher's Successes.



Bowne Brown—What's the matter, Gallagher, you look very blue!

Gallagher—It's me picture.

B. B.—Your picture! What, "A Warrior of the Stone Age"? You haven't anything to be blue about in that picture. All the papers praised it, it was well hung, and brought a good price. Why, the painting on it was perfect. Particularly the painting of the man's chest!

Gallagher—Have you seen it since I made a few little alterations to suit the purchaser—put it in his frame? No! I'll show it to you.

Bowne Brown—Great Scotts Gallagher!!!—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Ruling Passion of an Advertiser.

Weeping Spouse—I shall erect a monument to you, dearest, when you are gone. I shall have "Loving Husband" engraved at the bottom of the column.

Dying Advertiser—Good heavens, Pauline, that will never do! Top of column, eighth page, next reading matter—or—I refuse to die!—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

A Lady's Wisdom.

"To be Imitated is the Surest Proof of Success."

One of our best known dressmakers says that not until she sees her costumes imitated is she sure that they are a success. And this is true in everything.

A notable instance is seen in Montreal. A few years ago a firm conceived the idea of selling dyes in small packages with full directions for use. This was such a convenience that an enormous trade soon sprang up, and the business grew so largely that it was necessary to erect an immense factory containing some thirty thousand square feet of floor space.

What was the result of this wonderful success? As soon as it was seen that Diamond Dyes were something the people wanted, and that their reliability had made them staple and standard articles of household use, imitators commenced putting up package dyes, and copied the style of envelope, the advertising, sample cards, cabinets, etc. By offering their crude and adulterated dyes to druggists and merchants at a less price, they induced some dealers to purchase a stock; but if a lady used any of these imitations she found that they crocked and faded badly, and she would generally be obliged to boil out the colors and re-dye them with the Diamond.

This "not to deceive" imitators. "The original is always the best" holds good in everything, and is just as true of package of dyes as of dress goods. The originator of any article always has facilities and experience that are not, and cannot be, possessed by imitators.

His Honor's Joke.

"What's this next case?" asked the judge.

"The prisoner was arrested for ogling women."

"Ah! sort of stare-case?" said the judge, and the prisoner laughed so uproariously that the judge was very lenient.—*Jury.*

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CHAPTER XI.

The light was growing grayer and the shadows were lengthening; all the sweet spring flowers were drooping their graceful heads; on the river the gaily-painted boats were becoming fewer. The first bell had sounded from the cupola of Lady Marian's pretty house, and the breeze which had been so soft was growing fresh, almost chill, as it blew in at the open window of the rustic room.

Many minutes passed before the silence was broken by either of the two women who had suffered there. Laura had not moved. She was kneeling, supported by Stanley's arms; her face, half shadowed by her loosened hair, was bloodless. Her heart was beating slowly; her strength seemed to be leaving her; the perspiration stood in beads on her forehead.

All Stanley's anger and pain were forgotten in her absorbing feeling of pity for the woman whose suffering was as great as her sin had been base. Out of the depths of her own sorrow Stanley brought forth sympathy for the anguish of the woman who had so wronged her.

The girl's voice was very low and a little unsteady when she spoke, bending low over the stricken golden head; she could not see Laura's face, but she could feel the slow throbbing of her heart against her hand.

"Let me help you," she said gently. "You must not remain here; it is getting cold."

Laura raised her head and let it fall backward against the kind supporting arm; so that Stanley could see the pale changed face.

"You have not left me," she said. "That is good of you! My sin has driven all the rest away."

"Can you rise if I help you?" Stanley asked. "I am afraid you are very ill, and I want to obtain assistance."

"The doctors said my ailment would kill me some day," said Laura faintly. "Do you feel how my heart beats? Ah, but you cannot know it—it ache!"

She closed her eyes wearily; her breathing was slow and labored. Stanley gently put back the loosened hair from her pale face. After a moment, Laura spoke again.

"Help me up," she said hoarsely—"help me up!"

With some difficulty Stanley assisted her to her feet, then led her to a large wicker chair which fortunately stood near, and into which she sank heavily. The fresh evening air, blowing upon her pale pinched face, seemed to revive her a little. Stanley glanced round her hurriedly for water or some other restorative. The girl uttered an exclamation of joy as she caught sight of a wicker-covered flask of eau-de-Cologne which had been left upon a shelf. Hurriedly taking it down, she returned to Laura's side. She bathed her temples with some of the essence, and rubbed a little into the palms of her hands.

"Thank you," said Laura feebly. "I am not faint; and, if I were, unconsciousness would be a great mercy. I suffer so terribly—so terribly! Stay with me," she added quickly, seizing Stanley's white gown as the girl was about to move away; "don't leave me!"

"But you must have help," Stanley urged, anxiously. "I must get help for you."

"I need none," Laura answered, almost vehemently. "What could any one do for me? Doctor Graham himself would be powerless against this pain. Oh, it won't kill me!" she added wildly. "Death would be too merciful for such a wretch as I am!"

"You are talking wildly," said Stanley, gently. "You must try to calm yourself. Some one may come; they must not see you like this."

"No one will come," Laura answered, in her hoarse sobbing tones. "He will keep them away. All the world will shrink from me now. You know my guilt," she went on, wildly, like one distracted; "you have had and despise me too—and you are right. I sinned against you almost as deeply as against him; and yet"—her voice sank to a whisper—"I loved him!"

"But he forgave," Stanley rejoined, with trembling lips.

The scene was trying her almost beyond her strength, while her anxiety for Laura was increasing every moment. She longed for some one to come to the summer house, while at the same time she dreaded an interruption. She was too tender hearted to wish to let Laura Cameron be seen in this hour of her abasement.

"He forgive," Laura repeated bitterly, "because you asked him to do so. There is no forgiveness in his heart. I knew there could not be when he discovered the truth. He hates me now as much as he scorns me; and he is right—I am worthy of nothing but hatred and scorn. And yet you are pitiful—you, who could hate me too!" She raised herself from her chair, and began to move about in a feverish unrest which seemed to give her a fictitious strength. "Why do you pity me? she said wildly—"you, whose happiness I have destroyed—you, whose lover I took from you! Do you remember at Combermere how I went to your room? I was not really ill that night, you know. I wanted to make you jealous and unhappy, as I was myself. Ah, I had loved him so long! she went on plaintively, "and I was suffering torture at sight of his love for you! But I was punished; it was for my punishment that my health failed. I need not feign illness now!"

She leaned, breathing quickly, against the wall, pressing her hands to her heart, her haggard eyes fixed upon Stanley's face.

"How I have hated you," she went on—"hated you because he loved you! I think since our marriage I have suffered more from my knowledge of his love for you even than from the dread of discovery which Francis Ashton made me feel every day and every hour of my wretched life. Hugh was good to me—oh, he failed in no kindness, no courtesy—but his goodness was so cold! Even his tenderness when I was ill hurt me more in its fearless care and coldness than neglect would have done. And his gratitude—oh, Heaven, how did I live through it!—his gratitude to me who had ruined his life! He was right when he said my love was more cruel than hate," she said mournfully. "I made him suffer. Yes, he suffered—but not as I did—not as I did! He is right to despise me. I know that I am dead to him—as dead as if he had laid me in my grave. Ah, that he had—that I had died before this came upon me—before he looked at me with that glance which pierced my heart like a knife, which I can never forget!

"He forgave you," said Stanley gently. "Try to think of nothing but that now."

"Forgave me at your entreaty? Ah, how bitter that is! I might have died at his feet unpardoned but for your intercession—yours; and I am his wife!"

"But you betrayed him!"

The words broke involuntarily from Stanley's lips. Laura put up her hands to her head, looking wildly at the girl before her.

"Yes, I betrayed him; but it would have been kinder to kill me than to forgive me thus!" She was silent for a moment; then a low but exceeding bitter cry broke from her lips. "What shall I do," she moaned. "What shall I do? Stanley, help me—help me! I am so desolate—help me!"

She held out her hands with a passionate gesture of entreaty; and Stanley went swiftly to her. As they met, Laura's head fell upon Stanley's shoulder, and she sobbed passionately, clinging to her as if in her alone were strength and calmness.

Stanley tried to soothe her; and the clasp of her arms, the soft low voice uttering a few kind words, were as powerful as a torrent of eloquence might have been. Presently the sobs ceased, and the slight figure which had been so shaken by their violence rested passively in Stanley's arms.

After a little while she let the young girl lead her to a chair, and, resting back upon the cushions, she submitted to Stanley's ministrations as she bathed her forehead and hands with eau-de-Cologne. As the faintness passed away she murmured feebly—

"Don't leave me! Stay with me!"

The dusk of the evening deepened in the little summer-house; the gay bunches of flowers, crimson on a delicate gray ground, which bedecked the cretonne hangings had grown dim and indistinct. Outside, the trees began to look shadowy in the fading light, and the river rippled on now gray and dim. The dinner bell had sounded some minutes before ringing out clearly in the stillness, and lights were shining from the many windows of the red-brick house; but no one disturbed the solitude of the summer house, and Stanley's passing thought was a correct one—that Francis Ashton had made some excuse which had satisfied Lady Marian's anxiety at the non-appearance of two of her guests.

Stanley herself was undergoing the strangest and saddest experience of her life as she knelt there with her hand in Laura's fevered clasp. She felt as if many years had passed since her girlhood. Could it be only a few hours ago, she wondered, that Lola was married? It seemed as if months, almost years, had passed, although she still wore her bridesmaid's gown and on her wrist was the simple gold bracelet with "Lola" upon it which had been Captain Greville's gift to the bridesmaids. She glanced at Laura's pale changed face, and thought of Laura Cameron as she had seen her standing at her husband's side in the church that morning, the most beautiful woman in the great assembly; and her eyes filled with unshed tears at the thought of a life which might have been honored and honorable plunged in the dust of shame and contempt. Perhaps those tears dimmed her eyes so that they could not see the expression which was slowly appearing on the altered haggard face—the look of terrible purpose which shone in the sapphire-blue eyes.

When Laura's voice broke the long stillness, there was a tone of despair in it which fell hopelessly upon Stanley's ears.

"It is over now," she said faintly—"the worst has come! My shame, my wickedness, are known! My life has been a brilliant one; but it ends thus."

"It is not ended," said Stanley, gently. "There are many years of peace and, in time, happiness for you. Let it be a new life from this."

"A new life," Laura whispered, so faintly that the words were almost inaudible. "Yes—a new life!" She was silent for a moment; then she went on, in hurried, breathless tones, "I am faint—I want some water! Do you think you could get me some, and bring it to me here without any one knowing—some water and some wine? I am so weak! Oh, you need not be afraid to leave me! I have not strength—."

"I will go at once," said Stanley, rising and releasing her hands from the clasp in which Laura still held them. "I will return as quickly as possible."

She went towards the door; and, as she put her hand upon it, Laura recalled her.

"Stanley!" she exclaimed, in a tone of such heart piercing agony that Stanley rushed back to her side. Laura seized the girl's hands and drew her down to her as if her touch gave her strength.

"You have been very good to me!" she said tremulously. "Will you kiss me once?"

With an express on of intense anguish her eyes looked upward at the compassionate face. Without a moment's hesitation Stanley stooped and kissed her. As she raised her head again, Laura sank back upon the cushions.

"Go," she whispered—"go!"

There were tears on Stanley's face as she hurried towards the house, where the lighted windows of the dining-room and going round to the hall. It was empty; the servants were occupied in the dining-room; and she was too unfamiliar with the house to find the housekeeper's room. She dared not, however, remain in the hall, mindful of Laura's request that no one should know, and she took her way into a corridor, where she was fortunate enough to meet a servant, who looked the astonished she felt at sight of the young lady in her white gown, but who hurried away to obtain the restorative she asked for, bringing back almost immediately a small quantity of wine in a tumbler and a *carafe* of water. Miss Gerant seized both eagerly, declining the maid's offer to accompany her, and hurrying away, a ghost-like figure, in the evening light.

Just as she passed the windows of the room where Lady Marian and her guests were at dinner, with Francis Ashton sitting calm and impassive at the foot of the table, a low cry came from the river bank, followed by a heavy splash, which seemed to Stanley Ashton stone in a sudden horror and fear. As soon as the first stupefying feeling of terror had passed, she deposited her burden on a table which stood near, and ran wildly down towards the river, just as Lord Sevon and one or two other of Lady Marian's guests who had heard the cry appeared at the open French windows of the dining room, and, seeing the hurrying white figure, followed it quickly, guessing that some accident had happened.

A moment later another splash sounded clearly through the stillness of the summer night as Hugh Cameron plunged into the waters which had just closed over his wife's fair head.

A few dreadful minutes passed—"So few to contain so much agony!" thought Stanley Gerant as she stood by the river. She was too horror-stricken to have any distinct knowledge of what was going on around her. She was dimly conscious of hearing Lord Sevon speaking in tones of reassurance, of hearing one or two exclamations of fear and compassion, then one of joyful relief. Involuntarily the young girl had put her hands to her eyes for a moment; and, when she uncovered them, she saw Hugh Cameron, dreadfully pale, with water dripping from his clothes, standing with the inanimate form of his wife in his arms. She heard Lord Sevon saying—

"Let me take her, Hugh! Your wrist is hurt, you know, and you are exhausted. She has only fainted. Let me take her."

"I will help you," said Dr. Graham, as Hugh relinquished his unconscious burden, then, swaying slightly, fell forward heavily at their feet.

(To be Continued.)

One of the Boys.

A gay bachelor of this city has a curious decoration over his sitting-room mantel. A large frame is filled with photographs of girls and women, most of them pretty. At the bottom of each picture is pasted a newspaper clipping.

"Why, Mr. Brown, what do they mean?" he was asked recently.

"They are pictures of the only girls I ever loved," he replied, "and those clippings are their marriage notices."

Easily Comprehended.

American Boy—Papa, what's an absolute monarchy?

Papa—A country ruled by a king whose authority is unlimited. His word is law, and the people must do his bidding. Do you understand?

American Boy—Oh, yes, a sort of political boss.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

SAPHRONIA SPRINX.—See Irene.

DICK C. JONES.—See Jane S. Jones.

J. H. S.—Frank, self-willed and genial.

JOHN CARKER.—Send longer specimens.

H. B. L.—Ambition, energy and vanity.

BLUEBELL.—Sincere, vain and determined.

HELEN I.—Self-willed, prudent and sincere.

ALPHA.—Self-reliant, candid and prudent.

ED. P.—Energy, resolution and originality.

IRENE.—Impatient, generous and irresolute.

A. W. L.—Perseverance, energy and self-will.

SUNFLOWER.—Energy, impulse and insincerity.

BROOKER.—Resolution, vanity and willfulness.

HAZEL M.—Persevering, candid and ambitious.

W. M. L.—Indecision, generosity and self-esteem.

OLD BOTTLES.—Very cleverly done! See Hazel M.

HYACINTH.—Carelessness, self esteem and sincerity.

APRIL FOOL AND PAT'S SWEETHEART.—See Old-Times.

MOXEY.—Carelessness, generosity and much humor.

BEATRICE N.—See Misunderstood and add insincerity.

LOVE IN A MIST.—Self-willed, gay and self-esteeming.

R. S. R.—Decision, generosity, sympathy and self-will.

ONE OF FIVE.—Whichever suits you better. See Topsy.

E. PERCIVAL H.—Self-esteeming, prudent and persevering.

ALICIA.—Obstinacy, energy and a variable temperament.

ALEXA IRENE.—Self-esteem, carelessness and a little vanity.

OLD TIMES.—Sincerity, perseverance, energy and self-assertion.

VICTOR EMANUEL.—Vanity, self-will and affectionate disposition.

MAGGIE.—Determined, hasty in temper, affectionate and unselfish.

CYNTHIA.—Self-esteem, tenderness, generosity and a merry nature.

A LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Writing denotes sympathy, energy and sensitiveness.

EMPRESS OF INDIA.—Indecision, carelessness and hasty temper. See answer to Stanley Grant.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—Try lemon juice and expose the fabric to the sun. See Empress of India.

MARGO LOSE.—Freedom, perseverance and vanity. The name is not known to me nor can I find it.

A NURSE.—Decision, vanity and self-will. Yes, especially in the city, on account of the sulphur.

JAMS S. JONES, Hamilton.—Fickle, merry, self-willed and a little selfish. You should not have enclosed stamps.

BOSSA.—You must pass McCaul Hall, the Baptist theological school. Self-will, carelessness and self-esteem.

BOBBIE BURNS.—Your writing is that of a man who is resolute, unselfish, candid, unostentatious and persevering.

DEARN.—Candidly speaking, I believe the scarcest thing on earth is—common sense. Prudence, vanity and self-will.

ELIZABETH AUSTIN SEVERN.—Brown. Writing denotes an erratic, petulant nature, some selfishness and much firmness.

LILY.—For characteristics see Gladys. Flirting is disgraceful and unkind. I mean in the grave meaning of the word.

TAD.—Many thanks for your kindness, but I fear I should require an affidavit, else I, not she, might be the butt of the merriment.

STANLEY, Brantford.—Your writing denotes an affectionate and generous disposition, and too much vacillation of character.

GLADYS.—Sincerity, perseverance and decision. The pupil is enlarged at night and looks darker, the eyes do not change in color.

PUSS C.—Try a plaster of common sense for the affliction you name. You are fond of admiration, very irresolute, and a little insincere.

NAUTILUS.—If you have no decided taste for music do not study it except it be to enlarge your ideas. Do not expect to be an acceptable performer.

BARBARA C.—Writing denotes candor, generosity, a little irresolution and much sympathy. Write and tell me what you think about it yourself.

TOPSY.—Vain, just a little, you know, willful, merry and sympathetic. Many thanks for the enclosed. I will send it to the autocrat of that department.

OTTEY, Pearl ville.—Indecision, self-esteem and fondness for admiration. You lack perseverance, and it is very necessary for the course you mention.

ARTHURINE.—A progressive business is one at which the guests move from table to table, at the changes of the courses. Writing shows decision, geniality and self-will.

HYDRA.—Chrysanthemums require a light sandy soil, kept moderately wet, and plenty of light and sunshine. Writing shows perseverance, variable nature and tenderness.

VARCO.—A woman should never quarrel with her blushes. Unless they are induced by illhealth they are commendable. Writing denotes "more than." Writing shows self-will, irresolution and energy.

EDNA.—Lemon juice in water without sugar will help you, and have heard aconite pills strongly recommended. Eat freely of fruit and avoid heavy and greasy food. Writing shows self-esteem, willfulness, and a little vanity.

WM. US & CO.—See Elizabeth Austin Severn and add self-reliance. A fortnightly wash with a tablespoonful of borax solution in a basin of water will clear the white hair. Borax is helpful for a greasy skin, as is also a daily application, after washing, of a little rose water.

ARTHURINE.—Decision, fondness for flattery, mirth and energy. The matter of ages as you mention it, is only to be considered with regard to your own feelings. Do you care to say, "So she and I are pleased, what's that to you." Yes, I think it were better to do so She might not object to waiting, and if she did not know your age, it would grow to care for some one else. Certainly, offer her your arm. It is more respectful, better form and more dignified than to take here.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—Poor, much-abused man! What a trial you must have found it—to be misunderstood! Writing denotes romantic nature with fondness for poetry and poetical names. You are probably energetic when circumstances force himself, at other times rather indolent. What more would you know? Shall I tell you that you have a taste for classics and that I have seen your writing before with variously arranged flourishes and evidences of careful disguise?

HELLICRY HAT, Orangeville.—A successful actress requires extraordinary abil ty to begin with, perseverance and nearly all the other virtues along the way. Don't try it. Yes, write again, if you will, and I shall be glad to answer any questions I can. Many thanks for your invitation, but would not be welcome to your friends except it? You cannot prevent the eyebrows meeting, and meddling with them only increases the growth. Writing shows indecision, prudence, sensitiveness, impulse and a vindictive nature.

STANLEY HARVEST, Picton.—When I opened your letter, expecting to find one sample or at most two for delineation you found no less than eight specimens of your aunts', brothers' and friends' penmanship! I felt as if I could shake you. For the eyelashes use a solution of one ounce and 1 grain of red oxide of mercury. I have never used it, but it is recommended by an English journal in which I have much confidence. Your writing shows vanity and perseverance. Cream is softening and will correct roughness and redness.

STANLEY GRANT.—Decision, self-esteem and perseverance. No, it is too drying. If used in the water instead of soap, it will whiten and soften your hands. Use glycerine and rosewater agree with your skin, apply a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and hands after bathing them. Do not use powder habitually. An occasional application cannot seriously injure your complexion, but be careful about it. Borax and ammonia are both excellent for washing the hair. Borax is better if you do not wish it to grow dark. Use a tablespoonful of strong solution in a small basin of water. For the blackheads, wash the part affected with soapy water. Press out the acne with a watch-key and dabble cream over your red nose, or, if it will be cold in the morning, however, I think you will find it much improved in appearance.

Only a Summer Belle.

Mr. Nicefellow—I am delighted to hear that your beautiful sister is back from the South. She is always such a belle at the summer resorts. I hope her flight southward every winter is not due to ill health.

Little Boy—No, but in cold weather up here her nose gets red.

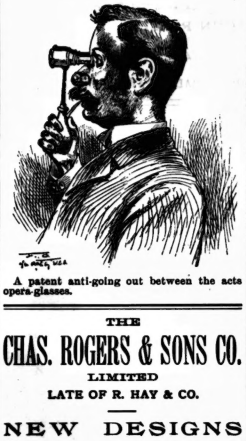
Rough but Ready.

A traveler in the Southern States tells this story: On the way to Jacksonville our train stopped for a long time at a little station near the woods, and we began to look about for diversion. Close by the side of the track, opposite the station, was a patch of corn, an exceedingly thin and sickly looking crop. A tall, gaunt boy, of about sixteen years, was lazily hoeing and weeding between the rows. "Look at that wretched crop!" said a Northerner; "dirty seed, poor soil, backward cultivation; not even a plow to stir the land deeply, or a cultivator to weed it quickly and often. The weeds will have choked the southern half of the crop before that lazy fellow gets the north end clear. Boy!" he called; "young fellow! It seem to me your corn is rather small, isn't it?" The boy looked at him for a moment, and then replied: "Yes, mister; pop planted the small kind." "Oh, is that so? But it's rather yellow, isn't it?" "It is, mister," said the boy; "pop planted the yellow kind." "Well," said the Northerner, rather testily, as some one tittered, "it's evident that you won't get more than half a crop." "You're right, mister," drawled the boy; "just half a crop. Pop planted it on shares."

More Coyness.

"O'way dah!
Jonofan Whiffles Smif!
Yo' heah me,
Don yo' came ahsk me,
'Bleas yo' want er biff
On de sonof
Knock yo' sonf
'Bout er mile!
Don' yo' smile
When I say
O'way dah!
Jonofan Whiffles Smif,
Coz I feele
Jes mad from head ter heels!
No such pussun sips
De honey from dease lips!
Stop yo' teasin'
And yo' squeezin';
O'way!
I say!
Ah ! Ah ! Jee-Yup,
Caliup!—*The Merchant Traveler.*

Killing Two Birds.



A patent anti-going out between the acts opera-glasses.

A Deep Laid Scheme.

"Pardon me, madam," said the tramp, lifting a greasy wreck of a hat from his shaggy head, "but may I ask you if you have any cold homing to warm a hungry man? The lady who lives next door kindly told me she thought homing was about all you had for breakfast this morning and you would doubtless let me have a portion of what was left."

"Certainly, my poor man," replied the lady, feelingly, "we have plenty of cold homing. You can have a whole platefull. I will bring it to you. Excuse me a moment."

The tramp walked slowly out to the gate, marked a warning hieroglyphic on the gatepost, shouldered his bundle and trudged on.

"Dag-gone her everlasting picture!" he said, bitterly, "It was a put-up job!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Milkman.

"Where are you going, my lusty man,
With the bucket of chalk and the big tin can,
Down the path that leads to the brook-swept glade?"
"I'm going a-milkin', sir," he said.

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Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

and one bride carried white roses, the other roses mingled with lily of the valley. The bridesmaids were gowned in cream surah wearing cream lace hats with yellow flowers, and carrying yellow roses tied with ribbons of the same shade. Mrs. Dunlson wore a dress of old rose brocade and silk, with a hat of shaded pansies in rose tints. Mr. Dansford's gift to his bride was a gem ring of diamonds and sapphires, while Dr. Nattress presented a brooch set with pearls, diamonds and rubies.

•

Those present were only the immediate relatives, who were: Col. Fred C. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Beecher, Messrs. Oliver Macklem and Frank Hodgins, Mr and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dunsford, Mr. Clement Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Tower Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fleming. Beautiful gifts were scattered over the spacious drawing-room. They comprised lamps, tables in rattan and fine wood, silver in abundance, fancy-work, etchings, paintings, much elegant china and other beautiful gifts in profusion and variety. The couples left in the afternoon on their wedding journeys, but will return to make their home in Toronto.

•

Miss Carty of Jarvis street welcomed a number of young ladies to luncheon on Thursday.

•

Mrs. Alexander Davidson of King street west gives an At Home to-day.

•

Mrs. N. Gordon Bigelow of Grenville street entertained a party of friends at a musicale on Tuesday evening.

•

Miss Walker of Victoria street gave a progressive dinner-party on Tuesday evening last. This is, I think, the first progressive dinner given in the city. It was thoroughly enjoyed by the twenty guests, the gentlemen of the party entering into the novelty of arrangement with merriment which equalled that of the ladies who were present.

•

Miss Walton of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Pellatt on Sherbourne street.

•

Miss Orr of Bloor street is visiting friends in Birmingham, Alabama, Florida and New Orleans.

•

Miss Edith McFarlane of St. George street left town Friday on a visit to her cousin, Miss Yorston of Cincinnati, Ohio.

•

Miss Maud Carter returned home from Boston on Tuesday, and yesterday at her mother's residence, 257 Jarvis street, received a welcome and congratulations from many of her friends. Miss Carter has been working hard for some years past, being formerly a pupil of Mr. Barton Brown of this city, and it is now claimed by her instructors and those musical critics who have heard her sing that she has reached a proficiency in her art that few attain to prior to their introduction to the musical world.

•

When Mr. R. J. Duke and his bride arrived home this week they were met at the station by a large company of friends to welcome them. Mr. Duke has made an extensive trip through Europe, spending considerable time in his native island.

•

Mrs. Wilkins of Carlton street welcomed her friends to an At Home on Tuesday evening. There were a large number of guests present and an excellent dancing programme was gone through. Lloyd was caterer.

•

On Tuesday afternoon Professor Davis gave an At Home to his pupils and their friends in the Art Gallery at the Academy of Music. There was an excellent programme and the gaily-dressed throng seemed to enter thoroughly into the enjoyment of the dance. A polka, a jersey and a waltz minuet, were the numbers I saw in progress, the last being especially beautiful in its graceful and dignified movement. The music for this dance, which is quite new, was composed by the professor himself. While nearly all danced well, I was much pleased to note the grace and ease with which two tiny girls tripped to music over the well-waxed floor.

•

The Wiedersehen Club gave an At Home to their friends in the Academy of Music on Thursday evening.

•

The following ladies and gentlemen sail by the Cunard line steamer Umbria, from New York, for Europe to-day: Mrs. and the Misses Swabey, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mr. Andrew Crawford and Mr. Frank M. Gray.

Art Note.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien's paintings will be on view at his studio on College avenue this (Saturday) afternoon, and on Monday afternoon. As they then go to the exhibition of the Academy in Montreal, the collection will be dispersed and this will be the last opportunity of seeing them together. Mr. O'Brien has pictures this spring in the principal London exhibitions, being represented in the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Institute of Watercolors and the Society of British Artists.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The last skating party of the season was held last Monday evening at the Rideau Rink. Before the evening closed all the skaters—some two hundred in number—joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne, which was followed by the band playing the National Anthem. The rink is now closed.

Monday afternoon last Miss Gregory, the famous graduate of Toronto University, whose name is followed by the honorable letters, B.A. and Mus. Bac., gave a large afternoon tea and reception at the Russell House, from 3.30 to 7 p.m.

The same afternoon Miss Honor Clayton of Daly avenue gave a small 5 o'clock tea.

Miss Wright, niece of Mrs. R N. Slater, gave a dance chiefly for young people on Wednesday evening last, at her aunt's residence on Wellington street.

Miss Mary Macdonald, daughter of the Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald, has issued invitations for a small dance on the evening of Wednesday, April 16, at Earnscliffe.

Captain Horace Lee gave a small card party at his residence on Somerset street last Wednesday evening.

It is now learnt that H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge will remain at Government House only two days.

BARRIE.

On Monday evening, April 7, the first At Home was given since Lent by Mrs. H. B. Spotton. It was all that had been anticipated, a most delightful event. The rooms were prettily lighted and the floor was in excellent condition for the many dance, which was gaily tripped until the early morning. Those present were: Mrs. J. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lloyd, Mr. G. Esten, Dr. W. A. Ross, Miss Reiner, Mr. G. Fraser, Miss Symonds, Mr. E. A. Mitchell, the Misses Mason, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. C. and the Misses Bird, Messrs. H. and C. Kortright, Miss Brydon, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mr. F. and Miss Stevenson, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss M. Lally, Miss Schreiber, Mr. H. Heard, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. T. and Miss Boys, Miss McCarthy, Mr. W. and Miss E. Spotton, Miss Knowlson of Lindsay, Mr. Buchan of Toronto, the Misses Henderson, Miss Forsyth, Mrs. H. McKee of Gravenhurst, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. F. Crease, Miss B. Holmes, Miss Stewart, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Mr. S. Bridges, Miss E. Jackson, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. R. Williams, Mr. W. Cameron and others.

Mr. Lally McCarthy of Toronto has been spending a week with relatives here.

The Misses Nicol, daughters of Dr. Nicol of Cookstown, were the guests of Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall for a few days this week.

Mr. J. Coffee of the Bank of Toronto spent Easter Sunday in the city.

Mr. Vernon of Hamilton has been the guest of Mrs. Dyment of Rowanhurst recently.

Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson and child of Toronto have been on a visit to Mrs. Schreiber's of the Boulders.

Mr. E. Bird spent Easter Sunday in town.

Miss Strathy of Toronto has been the guest of Mrs. John Strathy of Ovendon.

Mrs. Corbet of Orillia paid a short visit in town recently and was the guest of Mrs. L. Keating.

Mr. G. Moberly of Collingwood spent a few days here lately. OCULAIRE.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select English fiction are A Society Scandal by Rita, Without Love or License by Capt. Hawley Smart, A Rogue's Life by Wilkie Collins, and An Ocean Tragedy by W. Clark Russell. These interesting stories can be had at any bookstore for 30 cents each.

"Tea" at Afternoon Teas.

A long-lost cousin, who has lived in China for the last twenty years engaged in the tea-trade, came home last fall, and was dragged on to Washington by some female relatives. They took it upon themselves to entertain him. Of course his training in teas caused him to watch critically the processes gone through with at the different tea-tables, and to examine the infusions offered the afternoon caller.

"Well, it is wonderful how the people live here," said he, to a Washington reporter, "after you know what awful slop and stuff they drink. It is a marvel that they have a sound stomach or nerve among them. Hundreds of these women go around from house to house every afternoon and drink three or four cups of the worst tea in the market. If it is not Oolong, or the more deadly Amoy Oolong, it is straight green tea, or sometimes green and Oolong mixed, and not the first crop and quality at that.

"Now, here's the way they do it. The tea is kept in any sort of a loose canister or caddy instead of air tight, so that half of its strength and aroma are gone before they touch the leaves of the tea-pot. A pretty girl in a pretty gown is put down before the tea-tray and straightway she runs enough tea into the tea-pot to serve for a dozen persons. Sometimes the water in the kettle is boiling, and sometimes it is not, when she fills the tea-pot up. From the one pot of tea she pours all afternoon, putting fresh leaves in on the stale ones, until the tea is nearly filled with leaves and the stuff poured out is as deadly as Jersey lightning.

"At one place where we called they asked us if we would have tea, and the young woman walked over to a side table where a brass tea-kettle was simmering over a spirit-lamp, and actually poured the tea from that zinc-lined kettle that had been boiling no one knows how long. It was something more deadly than strychnine.

"At another house a girl in a very fetching red gown asked me if I would have Russian tea.

"'What is that?' I asked; 'I did not know tea grew in Russia.'

"'Oh, it's just tea with lemon in it.'

"'So that makes it Russian? Well, pray tell me what kind of tea is it when it has cream and sugar in it?'

"'That must be English tea.'

"At the next place a pretty thing with blue eyes asked sweetly:

"'Won't you have some samovar tea?'

"'What in the world is that?'

"'Oh, it's made in a samovar, like the Russians make it.'

"Shades of Dharma!

"At still another place, a young woman crushingly informed me that it was real Russian tea that she was pouring. A friend had brought it to her from St. Petersburg. The tea caddy stood uncovered, and the long, greenish-colored leaves gave the quality away at the start; but I took my cup and moved back to make room for others. It was the rankest, nerve-rackingest of Amoy Oolongs, and no more like the delicate tips of black tea that we send from Keemung and Hankow for the camel trains to take over to Russia than the stuff you get at a railroad restaurant in America is.

"At one place I was given the chair beside the girl who was pouring tea.

"'You're not drinking that tea?' said the young woman, after a few minutes.

"'N-no, it's a little too green for me.'

"'It's what? You mean you want more sugar?'

"'No, it's too green a tea, too stimulating to my nerves after all this excitement of afternoon calls.'

"'Hush! You'd better drink it and quiet them. Maybe you like English breakfast tea.'

"'What is that?'

"'Why, English breakfast tea, of course. Didn't you ever hear of it?'

"'No, I can't say that I have, by that name. Is it a green or a black tea? And do the English drink anything different at breakfast from what they have in the afternoon?'

"'Are you guying me?' asked the young woman; 'I don't like tea myself. I think it looks awfully silly and grandmotherly to see a man waddling a tea-cup and drinking such stuff. Just reach me those peppermints, won't you? And then you can pour yourself a glass of sherry. That's probably what you want.'

"'Admirable girl!'

"Another little thing that you will notice at Washington tea-tables is that they seldom pour the tea into tea-cups—the regular, broad, low, conventional tea-cup. It is generally some little, narrow, tapering cup, meant for after-dinner coffee, that they use, even in houses where everything is on a lavish scale. The ridiculous little cup and the tiny spoon, that is good only for stirring, spoil all one's association of ideas, and it doesn't seem like tea when it is handed one in such cups."

The Mercurial Hibernian.

"Long life to your honor!" ejaculated an Irish peasant-woman to her landlord one day lately, as he passed by her door.

"That's a strange salutation for you, Maggie," he answered, smiling rather bitterly, "when it is your husband and a few others like him who make it necessary for me to walk about with these guards!" and he looked round ruefully at the two stalwart constables who followed him everywhere.

"Och, now, your honor," remonstrated Maggie, "don't be too hard on Tim! If he's for shootin' your honor one day, shure it's layin' his life down for you he'd be the next!"

Her Soothing Syrup.

It was after the hundred and twenty-fifth ebullition of temper on the part of Madame for the week. "Tell me," said he, "just for my own curiosity, how it happened that I never discovered this unhappy weakness in you in our courting days? How did you ever manage to restrain yourself then?" The poor woman hesitated a few moments, and then sobbing bitterly, dropped her graceful little head upon his sturdy shoulder, and said: "I used to excuse myself from you for a few minutes, and g-g-go up-stairs and b-b-bite pieces out of some firewood."

Pat's Idea.

"Naw," said Pat, "Oi'm rasonable; Oi wouldn't ixpict t' see shnakes in Oireland even if I had delirium tremors."—*Life.*

ISLAND

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Sample garments on hand for inspection, showing styles and workmanship, at the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment.

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Early inspection invited.

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Has been decided and we have awarded

"TONY" the "PANTS"

for the following:

A "GOOSE" POEM.

I'm "cost"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal at my heart,
No matter how in "vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stifled by the heat, my "pants" I oft re-"press,"
(Re-pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."

TONY.

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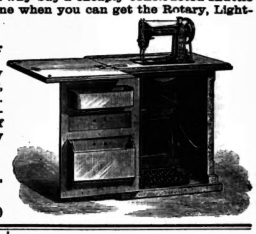

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All-wool Stripes and Checks, in Fawns, Browns, Greens, &c., and all-wool French Foule Serge, wide goods, leading colors, worth 30c., for 20c.

Novelty Plaids, fancy and stripes, worth 40c., for 25c.

Double-width all-wool French Serge, spring and summer shades, not sold under 50c. elsewhere, cutting it to-day at 39c. a yard.

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English Women Criticised.

Eugene Field writes to the Chicago *News* as follows: Every American woman who sojourns in London raises her voice against the large and ill-fitting shoes which she finds here. The natives seek to justify the monstrosities on the plea that the feet should be clad loosely and stoutly. The truth, however, is that English women have big feet—abnormally big feet. Moreover marvelously low insteps seem to be a characteristic of the typical English feet. The English women are exceedingly sensitive upon the subject of their prodigious pedals, and they make it a point to talk of the propriety of wearing large boots and shoes in order to avert corns and other similar discomfitures, yet I am told by dealers in footwear that corns and bunions are quite as prevalent here as elsewhere. Yet there have been English ladies with wonderfully small feet. One of the famous beauties of the court of George IV. wore a shoe only five inches in length, yet she was above medium height and was otherwise symmetrically proportioned.

Lacing is a vice that obtains very generally among the women of this country; nowhere else are to be seen such slender waists as are to be found here. The vice of tight lacing is practiced in every class of society; be she duchess or barmaid, the native woman indulges with the same persistence her vanity in this particular.

Another abominable practice that obtains among English women is that of indulgence in spirituous liquors. Gin, rum, and Scotch whisky are freely taken by women of every class here. I suspect that if the English houses were better heated there would be a much smaller demand for liquor. As it is, everybody drinks more or less (and generally more) in order to keep warm. The freedom with which women frequent the taprooms is simply shocking. It is a common sight of an evening to see a woman with a babe in her arms reeling in or out of a public barroom. These wretched creatures belong, of course, to the lower class, but in the so-called better classes of society guzzling obtains to quite as considerable an extent. It is the alcohol they have consumed that gives to so very many of the swell ladies to be seen in London the rubescent noses, the coarse, flabby cheeks, the purple lips, and the swollen eyelids that have come to be regarded as essentials to a typical English face.

Music as She is Executed.

Attending service not long ago in an elegant church edifice where they worship God with taste in a highly æsthetic manner, the choir began that scriptural poem that compares Solomon with the lilies of the field somewhat to the former's disadvantage. Although never possessing a great admiration for Solomon, now considering him a suitable person to hold up as a shining example before the Young Men's Christian Association, still a pang of pity for him was left when the choir, after expressing unbounded admiration for the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful if they ever observed very closely, began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the bass, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced that "he was not arrayed." Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently and our sympathies aroused for poor Solomon whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion even in that climate, the choir altogether in a most cool and composed manner informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these." These what! So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these! We should think not, indeed! Solomon with a Prince Albert or cutaway coat! Solomon with an eye-glass and mustache, his hair cut pompadour! No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off started the nimble soprano with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping of steam or plash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency, so will the altar of the Lord be compassed."—*Good Housekeeping.*

Natural Versus Artificial.

Dashly—How do you like Irving's acting in the scene where he sees his father's ghost?

Cashley—Tremendous. I have never seen such abject terror expressed on a human countenance.

Dashley—You haven't? Well, you ought to see little Deadbroke when he meets his tailor in the street.

What an Author Got.

Julian Hawthorne tells his experience with one of the best known publishing houses in London, which gave him a satisfactory round sum for a short volume of stories, with an agreement for one-fourth after deducting expenses of publishing.

Last July Mr. Hawthorne received a polite letter from that firm saying they could not make up his account before the then coming month of January. About the middle of last January a letter came to Mr. Hawthorne enclosing an itemized account of the firm. This letter enclosed a check for forty-eight cents, which was the sum total of Julian Hawthorne's profits on his book for the year 1889.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HEYES—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. Fleming W. Heyes—a son.

LANGLEY—At Toronto, on March 29, Mrs. H. George Langley—a daughter.

MACKENZIE—At Burlington, on April 4, Mrs. James A. Mackenzie—a son.

BUTTLER—At Fairmount, Ont., on March 30, Mrs. C. F. Buttler—a son.

FARMER—At Hamilton, on April 3, Mrs. T. D. J. Farmer—a son.

SCHREIBER—At Iverholme, on April 4, Mrs. W. de Lisle Schreiber—a daughter.

FRASER—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. Andrew G. Fraser—a son.

JOHNSON—At Toronto, on April 2, Mrs. W. H. Johnson—a son.

MATTHEWS—At Perth, on March 22, Mrs. H. Matthews—a daughter.

SMALL—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. D. A. Small—a daughter.

COO—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. George H. Coo—twin boys.

Marriages.

LOVELL—ADAMS—At Toronto, on April 3, G. J. Lovell to Mary B. Adams.

KNAPP—BIRKEL—At New York, on April 3, Wm. J. Knapp to Mary Macfarlane Birrel.

CRUICKSHANK—HENDERSON—At Toronto, on April 4, William Cruickshank to Mary Jane Henderson.

Deaths.

McBROOM—At Toronto, on April 8, Sister M. Loyola McBroom, aged 38 years.

WILSON—At Toronto, on April 4, Christopher Wilson, aged 71 years.

LANE—At Thornhill, on April 2, John Lane, aged 71 years.

ANDERSON—At Brampton, on April 3, Wm. T. Anderson.

FITZGERALD—At Mount St. Louis, on April 4, John Fitzgerald, J.P., aged 63.

PATON—At New Lowell, on March 30, Peter Paton, aged 86 years.

McIVER—On March 27, at the Township of Sunnidale, Alexander McIver, aged 66 years.

LAING—At Burlington, on April 2, James Laing, aged 77 years.

KILLICAN—At Algoma, on March 25, Dan M. Killican.

GRAHAM—At Toronto, on April 8, Jannie Graham of Primrose.

WRIGHT—On Island de Cuba, on March 19, Alice McFarland Wright, aged 7 years.

DYER—At Toronto, on March 31, Benjamin Dyer aged 37 years.

McPHERSON—At Strathroy, on April 6, Mary Jane McPherson, aged 51 years.

BROWN—At Grimsby, on April 4, Mrs. Jane Brown.

SMITH—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. William L. Smith.

COCKBURN—At Toronto, on April 5, James Bethune Cockburn, aged 17 years.

DYAS—At Toronto, on April 4, Mrs. Ellen Dyas, aged 84 years.

MALLOCH—On April 2, Andrew Hill Malloch, aged 32 years.

SHIELDS—At Toronto, on April 4, Mrs. Robert Shields, aged 37 years.

SARGANT—On April 3, Thomas Henry Sargant, aged 11 years.

McNIEL—At Oakville, on April 1, Roderick McNiel, aged 79 years.

CHAPMAN—At Thornhill, on April 7, Wesley A. Chapman, aged 30 years.

FERRIER—At Green River, on April 7, William Ferrier, aged 80 years.

BEATTY—At Toronto, on April 8, Luke Beatty, sr., aged 76 years.

ELLIOT—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. William Elliot, aged 77 years.

CORNELL—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. Rebecca Cornell, aged 86 years.

GRIFFIN—At Toronto, on April 5, Edward Griffin, aged 75 years.

HEES—At Toronto, on April 5, Leon Hees, aged 6 years.

BURGESS—On April 5, Mrs. Jane Burgess, aged 76 years.

WALLACE—At Toronto, on April 6, Lillian Frances, daughter of J. B. Wallace, Orillia, aged 11 years.

PURDY—At Brighton, Ont., on April 7, Hiram Purdy, aged 67 years.

ROBERTSON—At Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, on April 5, Victor A. Robertson, aged 34 years.

YOUNG—At Thornbury, on April 6, Mrs. John Young, aged 51 years.

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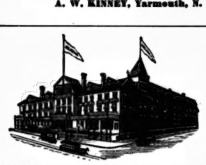

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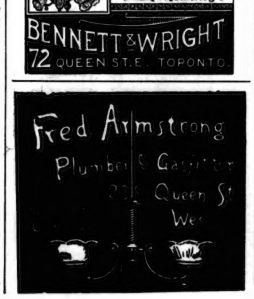

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